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BINDING WHEAT.

Binding wheat and singing low,
Watching where the reapers go;
Watching where amidst the rest—
Strong arms folded on his breast—
Stands the noblest of them all,
Stands the stalwart youth and tall,
Stands the hamlet's greatest pride—
Stands the reaper eagle-eyed.

Watching, singing soft and low,
Binding sheaves with cheeks aglow:
Where in all the country side
Are locks that burn to deeper gold—
Brown locks that gather sun and shade
Beneath the pointed mat of braid—
And where in all the country-side
Could reaper find a sun-browned bride
With daintier curve of lip or chin,
Or purer heart to give to him?

If, kneeling by the sheaf she bound
With tardy hand, her eye hath found
Some hazy hill-top distant far,
Or glimmer of the first dim star;
If, drifting on the tide of thought
She dreams, and hath all else forgot,
Who wonders that across the grain
A figure turning, halts again—
A stalwart figure broad and tall
With manly bearing over all—
What wonder that his kindling eye
Sees not the brown thrush fluttering by,
Sees not the thousand forms of grace—
Sees nothing but the sun-browned face.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

MANUEL THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR,

Whose name on account of circumstances connected with the story is kept secret at her own request.

MANUEL AND DELLA IN THE FOREST.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HANDSOME STRANGER. THE SPECTRE AT MIDNIGHT.

Most of the guests returned to the city early on the following morning, loud in their praises of the magnificent entertainment, and the exceeding loveliness of Miss St. Lemoine.

By Della's earnest request, little Mary Wooden, the niece of the governor, remained, and her brother also.

The latter admired Della as much as he dared—he saw, however, that the gallant soldier stood as yet the highest in her estimation. Mr. St. Lemoine also extended an invitation to Lieutenant Warren—to Earl Tracy, and M. Bernard—all of whom were mightily delighted to stay; so for nearly a week the Everglades was to be honored by their presence.

The earl sincerely admired Della St. Lemoine. Love, he could not—the passion was long since exhausted. Still it was with special designs upon her, that he thwarted nature by changing the white streaks that dared show themselves in hair and beard. It was to gain her notice that he padded and painted, and used all the little fascinations of which he was yet master. M. Bernard, however, was truly, deeply inspired with love for the peerless creature. Already he was willing to throw himself, with his immense fortune, at her feet—but he was timid.

So matters remained while the bolder and more reckless Warren, little dreaming that he stood on the very verge of a precipice, appeared to possess the most decided vantage ground. He walked, rode, sang and danced with her, while she seemed perfectly at ease in his presence, and looked for his approbation as eagerly as that of her father. It was not possible that she could meet Manuel every day and not notice that he was ill at ease. There was mute worship even in his casual glance; and feeling that perhaps he loved her, she grew more reserved that she might not undesignedly encourage him. Lieutenant Warren, however, used his power ungenerously. He bantered Manuel;—in a thousand little ways contrived to show his influence over Della—treated him as an inferior, and roused the hot temper of the youth to a steady, boiling heat, that never cooled in his presence.

Two days after the *fête* a stranger appeared at the Everglades. He came with letters from the most eminent men in America, to pursue his labors as a naturalist and lover of science, in the wilds of British Guiana. The splendid appearance of this man immediately impressed all who looked upon him. Somewhat above the middle height, his form was symmetry itself. His hair, of raven-blackness, shaded a brow lofty and pale with thought; and singularly enough his eyes were of a deep, calm blue. So deep, so calm they were that one was impressed with the eminent purity of the man. No grossness seemed to linger about him. His smile took the coldest heart captive, and well for the maiden in his presence that it was as rare as beautiful.

Even Manuel, so chary of his admiration of late, looked upon the stranger with a softened glance, and if he spoke to him it was with deference.

Singularly enough, as the two men stood together, or came near each other, there was a similarity in their appearance that was absolutely wonderful. Both had raven hair and blue eyes—both possessed very prominent and well-shaped brows, and more singular still, when Manuel smiled he favored the naturalist still more. Apparently there was a difference of eight or ten years in their ages, and they might almost have passed for brothers, but for the extreme irritability suggested by Manuel's nervous lips, and the almost repulsive expression that uncurbed passion and unrestrained will gave at times to his countenance. Della was the first to notice this extraordinary likeness of which she spoke to her father. He said that it became apparent to him as he saw them more together, and one after the other the whole household began comparing the faces, neither the stranger nor Manuel being aware of the discussions they occasioned. Mr. St. Lemoine urged the new-comer to remain so heartily that he accepted the invitation for a short time at least. Toward Della he showed almost a reverential courtesy of demeanor. He never attempted, however, to engage her attentions, but evidently believing that the handsome lieutenant was her favored lover, contented himself with quietly looking on. That he was accomplished was soon discovered. Della surprised him early one morning extemporizing on the piano, such strains as she afterward declared she had never heard before. His voice was a superb baritone, and threw young Warren's entirely in the shade by its richness and flexibility. He engaged readily in all the sports of the week, beat everybody at shooting and fencing, and astonished Mr. St. Lemoine into a speech to the effect that he had seen many accomplished gentlemen, but one that united every requisite of manhood with the utmost finish of manners and elegance of person, never till he met the young Professor Vance. Little Mary Wooden declared herself (privately) "perfectly enraptured" with him; but Della, a little piqued that he did not immediately pay court to her, contented herself with appearing satisfied with the assiduous attentions of the young lieutenant.

On the following Saturday the most of the guests returned. There was to be a ball at Government-House on Monday evening, and late in the afternoon, an order coming from the commandant, sent the lieutenant in a hurry into the city. Once more Manuel and Mr. St. Lemoine had Della all to themselves, but Manuel seemed no longer delighted with the privilege. On the contrary, he looked careworn, and his eyes were heavy, as if he had not slept well of late. The stranger had gone at the invitation of his excellency to Government-House.

Sunday passed. Mr. St. Lemoine was not well enough to attend church, and Della preferred to stay at home and read to him. The hours moved on languidly. In vain Della strove to force Manuel into cheerfulness; he lounged on a distant sofa, and would only answer in monosyllables. Frequently he left the room, and returned only to resume his moodiness. Della retired early to bed. Rose had begged the privilege of visiting a sick sister, and was not expected till the morning. Kian being more than usually communicative, commenced on her favorite topic, and talked of wraiths, warnings and apparitions, till poor Della's blood ran cold, and in every white object she saw a spectre.

"Well there, chile, honey!" exclaimed the old woman, seeing that Della's face looked as white as the pillows it pressed, "I'a an ole' fool, and that's de fact. 'Spect old master 'd give me a caning if he know'd I told you such things, honey—but laws, 'taint as bad as I *could* tell; I'a seen sights in my day, chile—"

"Never mind, Kian," said Della, "just open the curtains at the foot of my bed; looking out in this splendid moonlight may calm the nerves you have unstrung, and send me to sleep."

The head-board of the bedstead was within two feet of the wall. At the foot was a deep window, commanding a glorious prospect of a wood and distant river. Old Kian swept aside the brocaded curtains, opened the lace net that folded the bedstead round, and the full flood of glorious tropical moonlight filled the beautiful room. Della, gazing out upon this vivid lustre, felt the soothing influence of nature. She did not sleep, however, but listened to old Kian, humming and moving from Della's room to her own little closet, until the old woman mumbled her prayers, and soon she heard her breathing deeply.

The great clock in the hall struck ten, then eleven. Gradually the many sounds grew less around the household, and finally ceased. Nothing could be heard save the myriad voices of the forest, the rustling of the cool wind from the west, and now and then the silvery notes of the Guiana mocking-bird. In vain Della strove to compose herself to sleep—some mysterious influence held her eyes wide open. At length a nervous tremor seized her. The moon had nearly gone, but it was still light enough to descry every object in the chamber. She gazed round on the familiar things that met her sight. There stood the couch where Rose usually slept. A white, shadowy form seemed to lie along its cushions. Della remembered after awhile that she had thrown her mantle there—possibly Kian had spread it out. She arose to reassure herself; yes, it was her lace mantle. Smiling at her own nervous fears, but not able, nevertheless, to conquer them, she tried the two doors leading into the hall. They were fastened both with key and bolt. At one moment she determined to light a taper, at another to call Kian, but what could she say? She had no illness to plead; no, she would be brave, and do without her. She would conquer this needless, haunting fear—this shadow of Kian's ghost, this apprehension unworthy even of a school-girl.

The clock struck twelve. Why did the hollow sound make her shiver? She lay there no longer able to look on a scene of beauty, for the pale receding light came in so faintly it made the nearest objects ghastly. As she watched and listened, she became conscious of a singular sound that seemed to proceed from the back of the bedstead, and nearly overhead. It was quite dusky now. A vague terror crept along her nerves, and almost paralyzed her. She strove to cry out, but could not. She was certain she heard a movement; the curtain rustled, the rings above moved tremulously over the wires by which the net was supported; a cold wind blew across her face, she could feel the hair stirring on her temples.

Unable to move, she lay there, seeming to shake the bed with the heavy beating of her heart. A cold sweat broke over her, so that she felt as if enveloped in a wet shroud. Oh, what was it? this unearthly presence—for presence there was—she felt it. She knew something bent over her, and the thought sent ice-chills from brain to foot—she felt a breath upon her cheek—a horrible consciousness of a presence she could not see, that perhaps it was impossible for mortal to behold. She thought of her mother who had been dust so long; of the ghostly warnings said to have been given to her at dead of night. Did these unearthly beings now come to haunt her child? She tried to pray; in vain; terror swallowed all her thoughts; she tried to bring her hands together, that the clasping might reassure her; she could not. Once, only once, she gathered sufficient courage to lift her eyes, but the sight she saw curdled her blood with horror. A misty white shape garlanded about with falling crape! Her senses were forsaking her when she heard the words, in a strange, sepulchral voice,

"Drive to Dead Man's Rock to-morrow with Manuel. Remember, and be silent."

The word "remember" was then repeated thrice, the singular, sliding sound occurred again, and Della, half-dead with terror, felt that the spirit had gone. Weaker than an infant she lay there, making countless efforts to call Kian, until insensibility occurred, from which she must have fallen into a deep sleep, for she was awakened only by the grasp of the old negress.

"T'ought to Marst'r you never was gwine to wake up 'gin, Miss Della? Here's breakfast been ready this half-hour, and everybody waitin' till they just couldn't wait no longer, and you sleeping like a dead man. Laws, you-mus' have laid awake long time las' night lookin' at the moon. It's my conviction dat young gals allers does like to look at de moon."

"What time is it, Kian?" asked Della, raising her head languidly.

"Laws, Miss Della, sun's three hours high, more too. I'se been totin' roun' de room an hour, sartin. Ye'll find everything ready jes' as Miss Rose has it, honey, on'y not quite in de style, p'raps; I'se old, ye know, honey. Come, come, everybody's waitin' on ye."

With trembling limbs the young girl arose, that dreadful vision yet fresh in her mind.

"Could I have dreamed it?" she asked herself again and again; "no, impossible! My mother saw these things; it is likely I shall be followed by them; but oh, it is fearful, too fearful!"

Quietly dressing, her mind too painfully pre-occupied to talk with the old negress, Della, after finishing her toilet, walked languidly down to the table, where her father and Manuel yet lingered. The former greeted her with an affectionate solicitude in his countenance; the latter gave her one hurried, searching glance, and then appeared intent on his own thoughts.

"I feared you were ill, daughter," said Mr. St. Lemoine, anxiously.

"I am not quite well, father," replied Della; "I believe I need a drive," she added, with a forced smile, her eyes unconsciously turning toward Manuel.

As she spoke a momentary triumph made his eyes shine, but when she looked at him his face was passive.

"Yes, yes, by all means; I will see that the horses are ordered out immediately after breakfast. I wish I was well enough to drive you, for I have sent the coachman to town with a message for the governor."

"Perhaps Manuel will take charge of me this once," said Della, her voice almost faltering as she remembered the vision.

"Certainly: I shall be very happy, I am sure," said Manuel, his manner far from betraying his inward exultation. So it was settled.

"Pray tell me is there such a place as 'Dead Man's Rock?'" asked Della, assuming a careless mein, as the horses sauntered slowly through a palm avenue.

"Oh, yes;" replied Manuel, "some four miles from here, up country—but, although it is a lovely drive, I would not advise you to go there," he added, not a muscle of his face changing.

"Why not, pray?" asked Della, looking at him with wondering eyes.

"There have been bands of hostile Indians in that part of the country," said Manuel, warily, "and though I don't suppose they would be hardy enough to attempt to rob *us*, yet I don't quite like to go in their vicinity unarmed."

"Rob us!"

"Yes, you have rings on and wear a watch—while I have a sum of money with me."

"Let us go back, then, and leave them at home," said Della.

"We have driven a considerable distance," replied Manuel, "and if you are going to Government-House this evening, you have no time to lose. You can conceal your rings in the carriage—an Indian's eye would be taken with the glitter. But I think the best plan would be not to go at all, but turn the horses' heads in another direction, and visit some less dangerous locality."

"Oh, by all means go there!" cried Della; "you needn't think to frighten me, if I am a woman, for I am very brave. I assure you," she said, laughingly, while her heart was sinking. "We can just go there, you know, and drive directly back."

"As you wish," said Manuel, urging the well-kept steeds over the hard road.

"What a glorious morning!" said Della, rousing long enough to note the acacia-hedges and the brilliant bloom of the cactus not yet stripped of dew. Then she sank back languidly against the cushions, and scarcely a word was spoken.

CHAPTER V.

DEAD MAN'S ROCK—THE ABDUCTION.

The bamboo-trees threw arching branches across the road. Now they saw a forest of the banyan multiplying itself by thousands, while underneath its slender trunks the ground was brown and dry. Paroquets and wiskodees flitted in and out among the tremulous leaves, and the little partridge timorously flew before them, while the scarlet trumpeter startled them at times with the warlike notes that vibrated strangely on the still air. Sometimes they met with streams reflecting the brilliancy of the unclouded heavens, from whose edges flocks of gaudy-plumaged birds would start—sometimes drove through rich valleys, where the luxuriance of vegetation, the glorious tinting of field, trees and flowers, moved Della to utterances of delight.

They left the carriage, for the road began to narrow as it approached the rock, and leaning on Manuel's arm, Della was assisted over the roughening path, until they drew quite near the object they sought.

"There is Dead Man's Rock," said Manuel, as they came in sight of a projecting cliff that stood out from the masses of foliage on every side, like a square table of gray stone. "Shall I tell you how it came to have so gloomy a name?" he added.

"Oh, no—for pity's sake don't let me hear any more of the horrible," cried Della; "if you knew how much I hear at home from old Kian!" she added, fearing she had betrayed herself.

"See, what is this?" queried Della, pointing to a small, feather-tipped arrow, by whose point a strip of white bark was pinned into the earth.

"We will soon find," said Manuel, unfastening the arrow; "it is nothing but a bit of bark—some Indian signal, perhaps."

"Why!—but there is writing upon it," cried Della, in consternation.

"Writing upon it—where?" queried Manuel, turning it over and over in his hand.

"You certainly see it—here, give it to me; now you can read it, can you not? 'Go on further till you see a white tent in the forest,'" and she held it eagerly up before him.

"Miss Della, are you joking me?" asked Manuel, apparently striving to hide a smile. "Did you really mean that *you* saw writing on this bit of bark? Then why do not I?"

Della stood aghast, looking blankly toward him, the strip of bark still grasped between her fingers. She was in a terrible excitement; she even doubted him as he, gazing carelessly at the missive, made a feint that he saw nothing. At length her arm relaxed—the blood rushed to her cheeks, and her eye lighted with a strange fire.

"Very well," she said, with unnatural calmness, "the message then is for me alone. But you will go with me, Manuel."

"Go! message!—your words are blind, Miss Della. I cannot understand you at all. What glamour has come over you, that you see a message here on this smooth, untraced bark. Do you wish to go into the forest? You see there is but a narrow, beaten track."

"Yes, we must go till we find a white tent," said Della, referring to the bark.

"A white tent; what! in the woods here? The Arowacks and the Caribs are somewhere hereabouts, but they never live in tents, but huts—like the brick-houses in miniature at home. It is rashness, Miss Della, for us to pursue the way farther; let me urge you to return; it is almost noon."

"If it were almost night," said Della, quietly, "I must go. Will you accompany me, or shall I find my way alone?"

"My dear Della—Miss St. Lemoine, I mean—I implore you to return. Think of your father's anxiety; he would never forgive me, if anything happened to you," said Manuel, with well-dissembled anxiety.

"I can think of nothing at present but the purpose before me," said Della, with an admirable firmness, "and I promise you no blame shall attach to you, my good Manuel. Come—you did not use to need so much urging," she said, a regret in her gentle voice.

"I will go wherever you command, Miss Della," he replied, apparently quite subdued.

"Thank you; the horses will stand, I suppose," she said, moving forward.

"Yes," replied Manuel, "I have fastened them—but—permit me to ask, have you—any—any definite purpose in thus following this strange direction, as you think it? May I ask if you expect to meet any one—to—"

"Please ask me nothing, Manuel, at least now," said Della, greatly excited. She did not see—for Manuel followed her, the smile of mingled cunning and triumph that lighted up his face—or the burning red rays that made his eyes almost a fierce purple.

"Let me lead the way," said Manuel; "you are not strong enough to bend these branches," and he stepped before her.

"I wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh ever came through these woods?" mused Della, as she looked through the tree-trunks from side to side. "The Indians promised, you know, to lead him to Manoa—the golden land—but they were treacherous. Do you suppose, Manuel, there *is* such a place?"

"I don't doubt it," replied the young man.

"Don't you? Oh, how delightful it would be to find it! Our old Kian tells the most marvellous legends about it—she has heard them from the Indians. What are you stopping for, Manuel?" she asked, as the Dane paused a moment.

"Had we not better return?" he said, his face unusually pale.

"Oh, no, not for worlds, yet. Are you weary? for my part I feel as fresh as ever. You are listening; what do you hear?"

"I thought I heard footsteps," whispered Manuel. "I confess I am something of a coward in these places—if I was only armed! we are so utterly defenceless."

"Do you think there *is* the least danger of being waylaid?" asked Della. "Hark! there certainly *is* a noise! Would the Indians harm us? I hear steps. Look! look—oh! Manuel—save me! save me! mercy, oh! mercy!"

They were surrounded. So stealthily had they glided out from the undergrowth—those four hideously-painted savages, with Wa-wa-nosh at their head, that they had bound both Della and the Dane securely before the frightened girl found the power of speech. Then they muttered together in their uncouth dialect, and making motions, bade them follow the two foremost, while two others walked in the rear.

"Oh! Manuel—Manuel—this is my insane folly!" cried the terrified girl—"we can do nothing; we are wholly in their power. Oh! my father! my father!" she cried, in heart-rending tones.

"Be calm, Della—they will not dare to harm us—they wish only to rob us. You have your jewels still, I see; I, however, am searched and stripped; they have taken a hundred dollars—all I had in the world."

"Oh! Manuel—give them these rings—my watch—my bracelets; will they let us go for them? They may have them all if you can only make them understand. Ah! how fast they walk, the wretches—I am wearied out."

The Indians shook their heads with a grunt at Della's offer. Her plaintive voice touched the Dane's heart. He longed to fold her in his arms and bear her over the narrow path.

"It is of no use," he said, affecting a despairing tone—"these Indians are Caribs, and I do not know a word of their language. You saw just now that they would not answer even my signs."

"God help us, then—oh! my blindness! my rashness! perhaps I have sacrificed both our lives. Oh! my poor Manuel, forgive me that I did not listen to you."

The features of the Dane worked with some uncontrollable emotion as Della bowed her head, while tears fell down her cheeks like rain.

"Never mind, Della—don't worry yourself—no doubt it will all turn out for the best—these Caribs are avaricious fellows—wait till I have an opportunity—I will make them understand that they can have money for our ransom," said Manuel—"our absence will be soon noted by your father—he will use every means of pursuit. Ah! there are horses—for your sake I am glad."

"Oh! don't say that!" shrieked Della, "they are swift, and will only bear us faster away."

They had emerged from the forest into a beautiful plain, sprinkled with flowers as far as the eye could reach, and bordered, seemingly, by impervious forests. Della was quickly mounted, the savages never heeding her piercing cries, and on they flew like the wind, the horses' hoofs striking noiselessly upon the green carpet of moss, grass and flowers. Again they entered the woods, again emerged into a plain divided by a deep and swollen river. Here were two canoes in readiness, and Manuel recognized at once by the commotion of the water at his feet that they could not be far from the falls of the Essequibo, at all times dangerous, but now peculiarly so, from the fact that the river was much swollen, and the clouds seemed every moment on the point of discharging more rain. The air had suddenly become more oppressive, and the sky was lowering. The Indians paused to consult together. They talked for some moments, while Della, grown more familiar with their savage faces, watched them as they stood drooping by the side of Manuel.

"Oh! what do you think they are talking about?" she cried, in low, hurried accents. "What frightful creatures they are! Will they cross this river, do you believe? Are there not falls over there? Hark! the roaring grows more distinct. Oh! Manuel, they will not surely place us in these fragile boats! it makes me shudder to look at them. See, the leaves of this bush are curling; there is going to be a fearful storm—for this is the pimiso-bush, Kian calls it, and the omen never fails. Oh! my father! my father!"

"Lean on me, Della," said Manuel, gently. "I wish my arms were only at liberty, I would support you, for you are weary. Have patience—have courage. They probably see the storm coming, and will not dare to cross here. (Perdition if they don't!) he muttered under his breath, then added aloud, "If they wait, who knows but our friends may have time to find us—(curses if they do!") he muttered between his teeth.

As the Dane was to act the part of the captive, he could not speak to Wa-wa-nosh, but he watched every motion of the savage, and gathered from his gestures that it was impossible to cross the river, that now began to heave and swell from its centre shoreward, as the wind after an intense hush moaned in the distance.

"It will be a fearful storm, and we are unprotected," said Della, the tears gathering in her eyes as the strong blast came dashing the waves high upon the banks, throwing the water over their feet, and bending the trees like withes.

Again the Indians beckoned. The horses were brought, Della and Manuel mounted, and turning they dashed along the edge of the river, changed their course by taking a road that appeared broken through bushes and stunted undergrowth, and led them among high precipitous rocks whose gaping fissures were deluged with falling water, and adorned with rank vines and flowers that crept about their edges. Here they found a shelter in a cave-like rock, where the dried moss formed comfortable seats, and had apparently been left there for that purpose by travellers, or by the Indians themselves.

The storm was now bursting in all its fury, but Della and Manuel were sheltered, and the savages had loosened the bandages from their hands. They could hear on all sides fearful sounds as if thousands of wild beasts were roaring in affright at the tempest. The rain dashed against their rocky enclosure, and the crash of falling trees announced that the storm was making awful havoc. Wa-wa-nosh, with his three companions, were busy securing their horses at some little distance, untroubled by the fear that their captives would escape. Indeed it was doubtful if they cared to further the accomplishment of the purpose in hand, now that their covetousness was satisfied—the treacherous fellows had more than once meditated leaving the prisoners to their fate, as they did not want to make an enemy of the "big white man."

Manuel stole out to them, leaving Della under the pretence that perhaps he could discover some way of escape. He found Wa-wa-nosh, who with Indian stolidity, stood with folded arms under an overhanging rock.

"Look here, Wa-wa-nosh, how far are we from the Everglades?"

"Sixty miles," said the savage.

"Oh, no, impossible. Well, when are we going over this river?"

"No tell—river much swell," was the reply.

"To-morrow, perhaps?"

The Indian shook his head.

"He *must*, Wa-wa-nosh," exclaimed Manuel, heedless that the rain was wetting him to the skin, "they will pursue us—they will look for us at home."

"No help it," muttered the savage; "if Great Spirit give big rain, how Wa-wa-nosh going to help it?"

"Then all is lost," cried Manuel, striking the ground with his foot. "I will not lose her thus. Wa-wa-nosh, strike into the forest to-morrow, carry us a hundred miles, where no white man can find us."

"You give me hundred dollar agen!" asked the Indian, with a knowing look.

"Oh, curses! I gave you the hundred for the purpose of taking me off a great ways; and now do you expect you have earned it by to-day's work? No—you must go; keep going. As soon as this storm is over, you must take us away, very far; do you understand?"

"Me understand," said the Indian, quietly.

"And will you do it?"

"Me do him; take Ingin, go off big way and find a place where nobody ever know. We come back, lead little squaw into wild wood; pale face become Injun, perhaps," he added, with a cunning smile.

"Yes, pale face become anything for her sake," replied Manuel, as he left Wa-wa-nosh, and entered the cave, where Della, frightened at the storm outside, trembling at the solitude within, met him with outstretched hands.

"Thus it will be," he said, exultingly, to himself; "having no other object to love—in time her heart will twine itself round me."

"My poor father," murmured Della; "what will he do when he finds we don't return? I am certain he will use every means in his power to find us. God be thanked, that we are detained by the storm! Perhaps if we had crossed that river"—she shuddered.

CHAPTER V.

A FATHER'S ANXIETY.

When Della left the Everglades the sun was shining and the heavens were bright. No storm was apprehended, and while the morning hours lengthened into noon, Mr. St. Lemoine sat at his desk, busily engaged in writing, giving no heed to the flight of time.

Rose, who had returned, roused him from his revery by inquiring about her mistress.

"True enough," he said, starting, "they ought to be at home—how long have they been gone? Fully three hours! they surely should be at home. What does it mean?—which way did they go? who knows? I never thought to ask."

"Perhaps to the city, sir."

"Shouldn't wonder; stopped at Government-House; that accounts for it. But I begin to feel uneasy; has Sam got back?"

"Yes, sir," returned the girl.

"Tell him to saddle Thunder as soon as possible, and ride to town; he may meet them. It is lunch-time—send me up a tray, Rose, I won't wait for them."

Noon came, but no Della. Soon after, Sam returned, accompanied by Lieutenant Warren and Professor Vance. The latter had come to say adieu to his new friends before he travelled into the interior.

The former to bear a pretty message and some rare flowers from the governor's conservatory, which little Mary Woden had herself arranged into a charming bouquet for her dear friend. The message was enclosed in a silver-tinted envelope.

They found Mr. St. Lemoine in a state of intense excitement—sending boys and servants in different directions, talking eagerly—hurrying from point to point.

"Pardon my abruptness," he said, turning from them after a hurried salutation. "I am frightfully anxious. Manuel took Della out for a drive this morning; they were to return in little more than an hour—it is now five—verging on to six since they went."

"What! can it be possible you placed her in charge of that red-eyed Dane?" exclaimed Lieutenant Warren. "Good heavens! where did they go?"

"Manuel would take every possible care of her," returned Mr. St. Lemoine. "He is a trusty fellow."

"But my dear sir, he's dead in love with her, and jealous as Othello," exclaimed young Warren.

"What do you mean, sir!" asked Mr. St. Lemoine, haughtily; "you forget that Manuel has lived with me in the capacity of a servant."

"I beg your pardon, but at the same time I maintain what I said. If he is but a servant, he is also a man, and has a tremendous admiration for your beautiful daughter. Why, sir, if he had been my equal, we had been at swords' points in right earnest before now. But time is passing. What can I do, sir? my services are at your command."

As they looked there was a great clatter of horses' hoofs, and Sam made his appearance with two other blacks, well mounted, received their orders and hurried off full of importance.

"Have you been to dinner, gentlemen?" asked St. Lemoine—"the table is ready, but I am too anxious to eat."

They both of them declined, and waited impatiently for further tidings, young Warren often striding down the avenue and looking anxiously along the road.

"Ah! they come; I see your coachman in advance of a carriage," he cried, entering the house. Mr. St. Lemoine, Professor Vance and Lieutenant Warren stood on the verandah. Sam's face, as he galloped forward, evinced genuine consternation. The carriage was empty.

"Hunted, sir, but couldn't find 'em. Horses half dead, standing in the sun, sir; had to walk 'em home, mostly—must a' stood there two or three hours, sir."

"My child!" cried the father, his face growing livid. "Merciful God! what has he done with her?"

"Let us go, immediately," exclaimed young Warren. "Sam, who can guide us through the woods?"

"I'll find somebody, sir—but there's a storm coming, sir—been mighty dull—no wind stirring, but he's coming now, I think."

"No matter for storm—just go get some one for a guide. Where did you find the carriage?" asked Mr. St. Lemoine.

"Up by Dead Man's Rock, sir," replied Sam.

"Make preparations instantly, Sam, turn out all the men; we have yet four hours to-night—oh! my Della—my darling! Must I lose her now? Oh! Warren, you little know how dear she was to me."

"Miss St. Lemoine was known to none who did not love her," said the lieutenant, with much agitation.

"As I am acquainted with the most of the peculiarities of the forest," said Professor Vance, "I beg to be one of your number. I could perhaps tell by marks known only to the naturalist, what paths have been recently travelled.

"Thanks! thanks!" cried Mr. St. Lemoine, pressing his hand—"your kindness will be invaluable at such a time. Alas! alas! God keep my child! I imagine a thousand dangers,"

"I dread but one," said Lieutenant Warren, who still paced the floor distractedly.

"And what is that?" asked the stricken father.

"It takes the name and shape of Manuel," replied the young soldier.

"Manuel never would betray my friendship."

"An overpowering passion, sir, recognizes no friendship where its reckless inclination sees but one way for gratification."

"Sir, do not strike me dead," exclaimed Mr. St. Lemoine, distractedly, "I don't know which way your suspicions tend by the tenor of your language—do you hint that Manuel has eloped with Miss St. Lemoine?"

"Oh! no; indeed, sir, I would not do your noble daughter that injustice; I only fear that through some stratagem he may have led her into the wilds—or forced her away with him where it may be next to impossible to recover her. The thought is torture—but of course, in so few hours, they could have made but little progress. They left the horses, too, by Jove! I don't see into it."

"Are there hostile Indians near here?" asked Professor Vance.

Mr. St. Lemoine groaned as he replied, "They are great thieves, and low fellows. They might have been tempted by her jewelry, and—oh! my God! murdered her."

"Do not think of so terrible a thing, sir," said the professor; "they would not dare to do such a deed, believe me. No, the more probable thing is that Miss Della wandered away in search of flowers or a view, lost herself, and Manuel may be searching for her now. Let us hope for the best."

"You put heart in me," exclaimed Mr. St. Lemoine, grasping the hand of the professor again; "thanks, thanks, my friend."

At that moment the storm burst, bringing dismay upon the household. For a brief time it was so terrific as to shake the house to its foundations. St. Lemoine cowered in his seat.

"My God, my God, protect her," he cried, in tones of anguish. Lieutenant Warren grew pallid; Professor Vance, alone, seemed calm, though he was by no means unmoved.

An hour passed. At the expiration of that time, though the storm had not spent itself, the three men took horses, and protecting themselves as best they could from the elements, galloped off in the direction of "Dead Man's Rock." The tempest had done material damage to the roads. Here and there a wallaba tree or a kakarali lay across the road, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could pass by or over the huge trunks. Branches were flung along the roadside—bushes uprooted, and the whole scene was wild and desolate in the extreme.

They gained the rock, and here traces of the storm abounded. Loose stones had been hurled apparently from a distance, the swollen waters poured from every crevice of the rocks, and spouted from the tall trunks of the palm-trees. The path leading round it was choked up with leaves and bushes, and the leaping stream from swollen waters fell in small cascades over them. Mr. St. Lemoine surveyed all in the deepest anguish. Then he shouted her name, and that of the Dane, but there came no answer save that of his echoing voice.

"Gentlemen, I know not what course to take," he said at last, in a voice choked with grief.

"I think you had better go to the city and obtain help," said Lieutenant Warren. "We, meanwhile, will leave our horses and make the best of our way through this apparent path. They could not either of them have wandered far through this tangled wilderness."

"How can I leave my child?" groaned Mr. St. Lemoine.

"We shall need extra help," said the professor. "If we could get some of the Indians to aid us, it would be an important step gained. Here is a small arrow," he added, taking the arrow that Della had seen, from a cleft in the rock.

"Yes, the Caribs are often here," said St. Lemoine. "I will take your advice," he added, "and gallop back to the town. The governor will lend me aid; I will level the forest but what I will find my child."

So saying, he turned his horse's head and galloped at full speed back to the city. Meanwhile the lieutenant and Professor Vance made their way into the wood, walking with difficulty in consequence of the various obstructions, until they came to an open spot where they could have a view for several rods—and there they held a consultation. Toward night they were joined by several athletic men, negroes and mulattoes, with four or five soldiers, all bearing torches with which to search the forest.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FOREST. THE TOLLING BIRD.

The voices of the storm had sunk into comparative silence. A low, sullen murmur was heard coming from the interior, and sometimes the angry sound of a falling rock or a tree. Della sat crouching in her strange resting-place, as the last rays of the daylight came in through the aperture of their cave-like retreat.

"Shall we stay here to-night?" Della asked.

"I presume so," said Manuel, in an impatient voice.

"Oh, what is this terrible light?" she cried, in extreme fright.

"The Indians have been gathering wood in sheltered spots, and they have made a fire to cook their supper."

"Supper," echoed Della, mournfully, "I had forgotten that since morning I have not tasted a morsel. I wonder what they are doing at home?"

At that moment Wa-wa-nosh came, holding out fragments of dried venison on leaves, and small pieces of the cassava bread. The dried and blackened appearance of the meat rendered it very disagreeable to Della, but as she was really hungry, she accepted it, and ate a morsel of the cassava, and then silently weeping, sat down on her couch of leaves, till sleep overcame her. Manuel watched almost till the dawn, in a terrible anxiety. Then he fell asleep and dreamed of treachery. He was awakened by Della's voice, and found that the sun was high. There was no sound near the enclosure. He listened, but only the trees murmured to each other as the wind sang through their branches. Springing to his feet he left the place. All was solitary outside. The charred remains of a fire marked the spot where the Indians had rested, but there was no trace of men or horses.

"They have left us here to starve," he exclaimed, a thousand apprehensions rushing over his soul.

"Do you think they really have left us?" cried a sweet voice at his side. "Thank God! then perhaps we may find our way back again."

A bitter laugh was his reply. Della gazed at him with dismay.

"Poor Manuel," she said, after a pause, "I see how you have suffered, and I am wholly to blame. Your eyes are bloodshot—you are haggard and hungry. Let us look for something to eat; and if they find us—no—I mean, when they find us, for I am sure they will search, I will tell them how foolish I was, and they will never think of blaming you. I feel so light-hearted now those terrible men are gone—do not you? Here is quite a little basin," she added, laughing; "I believe I will make my toilet."

She hollowed her hands and filled them with the sparkling element. Her locks, her face, whose vivid roses were returning, sparkled under a veil of dew-drops; the broad, soft leaves were her towel. She glanced up, arch and smiling—but instantly her face sobered at the expression she caught upon his face. It was mingled cunning and ferocity; he looked like some wild animal baffled of his prey. It passed so instantaneously, however, that she wondered the moment after whether it were not a delusion.

Manuel turned away.

"I will go and search for fruit," he exclaimed.

"Don't go far, Manuel," she said, tremulously; "you are all I have to depend on now, you know—and if you should be lost, what could I do?"

"Would to Heaven I *were* all you have, might *ever* have to depend upon," said Manuel.

She stood as if turned into stone where he left her. There was a terrible something in his voice that froze her blood. Hitherto she had felt the most entire confidence in him; relied upon him with a sense of child-like security as if he were her brother; now—that voice—that strange, fiery glance of the moment before, filled her with an uneasy dread. She coupled with them his previous demeanor, and trembled from head to foot. Then as she heard his returning footsteps she forced herself into a calmer mood. He appeared smiling, restored to his olden self. In his hands were wild pomegranates, and water-lemon or lemon-apple.

"These are both food and drink for you," he said gayly, placing the fruits upon a rock covered with moss. "I found a paradise only a few yards from here," he added. "After our breakfast we will take a ramble there. If I could climb like our jocko at home, I should have brought you down a cocoanut."

"Oh! these will make a sufficient breakfast," said Della—"alas! if I only knew that poor papa were not mourning himself to death for us."

"Let us not talk of that now," said Manuel. "After we have eaten I shall endeavor to find our way out of this. Those rascally knaves of Indians appear to have left us for good: I wish I could have lodged a little powder and shot in them before they went. It is evident we are a long distance from home, and the rascals have brought us through a circuitous route that will be hard to find in all its windings. And suppose we cannot conquer the difficulties of a return, what then?"

"Do you mean, suppose we should never be able to find our way home?" cried Della, the fruit dropping from her trembling hand. "Oh, Manuel, do not suppose such a horrible thing. They will compass sea and land but what they will find us."

"They!" said Manuel, sternly, his eyes growing red, "who do you mean by they?"

"Why, my father—and if need be the whole colony," said Della, her color heightening. "You do not suppose they would leave any means untried? Oh! Manuel, it is unkind in you even to hint at such a cruel possibility."

Manuel was silent—a fierce rebellion raged in his soul. All manner of wild schemes passed with lightning-speed through his brain. One thought was uppermost. "At least she is mine now—mine wholly. No one can talk soft nonsense to her in my presence. To me she appeals, in me she confides. I will lead her yet farther into the wilds; we will perish before I will yield her to another. She is mine now—mine, mine! Ha! my sweet lieutenant, you have no passport here."

Della could not read his thoughts, but she did not trust him now as before. Her imploring eye frequently rested upon him, but at his passionate glance fell again. Was this to be her fate—a solitary home in the wilds of the forest—an eternal separation from all she loved? Already she distrusted Manuel. What if he had planned the lure to this retreat? But no; that was an unworthy thought: had he not tried his best to dissuade her from her wild purpose?

The day passed in aimless wanderings. That night Manuel built a fire in a cleared space, and heaped a bed of leaves for Della, while he sat by to watch. Only to have her near him was an exquisite pleasure. The fire-light played on her beautiful features, now pale and care-worn, through much fear and anxious thought. It reddened the huge trunks of majestic trees, and sent bars of lurid light into the pathless thickets of the forest they were penetrating. Occasionally the cry of the panther could be heard, and Manuel piled the brush-wood and the dry leaves higher, as the fearful voice sounded out from the depths. The white owl hooted, and flew heavily through the thick branches of the wallaba tree. Strange circles were made by the vampyre-bats, and singular rushings of heavy winds disturbed the silence of the night. Still Manuel kept his eyes fastened upon the white, sculptured face of the sleeping girl, and more than once his heart smote him for the deed he had done. Again—a wicked triumph quickened his pulses.

Deeper and denser grew the midnight darkness outside the immediate space around the fire. The gigantic vines, hanging loosely from the spectral-looking trees, swayed to and fro with an uncertain, ghost-like motion, and the wind swept surging over the flames and scattering the dead and living leaves in its path.

Suddenly came the sound of a tolling bell. For a moment Manuel's face grew white with fear. He turned his head warily in the direction of the sound. Again it came—clear—monotonous—and at a stated interval, like the tongue of a bell hung high in some monastery tower. When he resumed his former posture he was startled again to see Della slowly rising from her recumbent position, her eyes wildly brilliant, her cheeks fearfully red, and a livid circle deepening around her lips.

"Hark!" she said, in low, clear tones, her hand slowly lifting with the finger pointing upward—"hark! the bell—it is time, father."

"Della," said Manuel, moving toward her, awe-struck—frightened at her words, "go to sleep again, Della—it is only the campanero—don't you remember? You were dreaming; you are dreaming now, Della."

"Hush! I tell you the bell tolls," whispered Della, in a voice that curdled his blood—"and I am not nearly ready. Call Rose; is it a bridal or a funeral? I think it is a funeral. Ha! ha! Manuel killed Warren, and they are going to bury him to-day. I must go; call Rose; she will bring me my mantle."

"Della, girl!" almost shouted Manuel, "are you sleeping yet?" and he shook her, thinking to rouse her from some fearful vision.

"Yes, yes—I am almost ready—but the sun it blinds me so;" she placed her hands over her eyes to shut out the fire-flame. "It burns, too; it scorches—it did not use to trouble me so in England; oh! but this is a fierce, hot sun! it drinks one's blood."

Manuel retreated a little way from her, quite in despair at her words. Still he thought her under the influence of some frightful dream.

"Oh, Rose, Rose! some water! you will find it on my dressing-case. Kian brought it a moment ago, and it is cold with ice. I never wanted ice in England, but this scorching, burning, blistering sun, I cannot hide away from it; shut the curtains; do, do shut the curtains!"

Manuel noticing now the feverish glow of her cheek, hastened to find water, and gave her some in the hollow of a leaf; standing between her and the fire.

"Oh, Rose! that is good—so good!" catching some drops, and dashing them on her forehead. "It is cooler now you have closed the curtain. Tell my father I will go to the funeral, by and by, when I feel better—Rose," she murmured, drowsily, and fell back on her pillow of leaves.

"Poor thing! fatigue and fright have brought on the fever!" muttered Manuel. "What can I do for her here in this wild forest? And if she dies! oh, God forgive me! My little Della! my darling!" he murmured, kneeling down, and pressing kiss after kiss upon her burning forehead.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 44.)

☞ PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.—The responsibility of educating your children is one that you cannot escape. It is a task imposed on you by Divine Providence, and you may look with confidence for guidance and aid. In short, you must educate your child, whether you choose it or not; for every action, every word and look, the very tone of your voice, and the round of ordinary daily events, which form the moral atmosphere in which he breathes, will influence him far more than the other lessons which he receives, however excellent.

☞ LET the kingdom of self be well governed before you talk about a republic.

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

WITHIN THE TOILS.

Lydia, thrust forth, as it were, into the streets almost penniless, and quite, as it appeared to her, friendless, pressed onward as if her destination was the end of the world, and she dare not pause until she had reached it. She looked on no faces before her, she thought not of any one pursuing her: in fact, she had no connected thought, for her brain was distracted, and seemed incapable of receiving any definite idea, or of forming any plan which would meet the painful difficulty in which she had been so unexpectedly placed by a jealous and, therefore, pitiless woman.

Yet, withal, there was paramount that crushing, dreadful sense of being out in the world, homeless and helpless, to wander Heaven alone knew where, until she should drop to the earth, fainting and starving—if she did not take that dread leap into eternity from some brink on the river, which, alas, too many in her hopeless condition had done before her.

It is easy for those never placed in such a maddening situation to moralize, and say there is always help within reach if you will seek for or ask for it. No doubt there is, but persons in the condition of Lydia are just those who either do not think this, or if they do, shrink from attempting the ordeal. The pang of obeying the impulse to end all seems to be the lesser misery of the two. Self-murder admits of no justification; nevertheless, the temptation, with the means within reach, when self-reliance has already been battered down, is very sore.

Lydia at first had no such thought; indeed she fled onward, as we have said, with only a harrowing perception that she was a homeless outcast. Homeless because she remembered, with too quick a flash of memory, that believing her to have perished in the steamboat accident, Anne Smith had departed for London, without leaving a clue behind her; and in her bewilderment she could think of no other place in which to seek even temporary shelter.

And so it came that she unconsciously found herself in the wide track leading to that great establishment in which she had so recently been the Queen of the Workroom.

She did not detect this until she found herself pursuing, instinctively, as it were, the route which she had followed every morning and retraced every evening.

At first the impulse to proceed thither and take counsel with Mr. Athol obtained possession of her, and she pressed forward with the intention of adopting the only course which appeared open to her; but a few minutes only, and the sight of the immense block of buildings of which the establishment was composed, brought up a rush of considerations which at once banished the design from her mind.

She saw quickly how such a proceeding by a young girl like herself would be open to misrepresentation, and she felt that she would rather die than that *he* should, by any false step on her part, desperate as was her strait of the moment, be impelled to fancy there was a blemish in the purity of her purpose or the singleness of her intention.

She turned away with even a quicker step than she had approached the house, and she found herself before she halted on the great granite bridge which spans the river between, it might almost be said, two cities.

She had moved onward, restless and wretchedly, but on the centre of the bridge she paused, and turned her pale face toward the parapet and gazed beyond it.

Not to look at the forest of masts to be seen as far as the eye could reach, not to look wonderingly and intently at the steamers, the vessels, and boats of all kinds moving to and fro, as if the mission of each one was of life or death; but to look with a cold numbing of the heart on the racing waters beneath her, and the broad expanse of sky above her.

It seemed to her that one would be the means of gaining the other. All her past history rushed through her brain with lightning-like rapidity. What happiness had it yielded her? What were the prospects of her future? She did not disguise from herself that she loved Mr. Athol with her whole soul, and that love could only prove to be a dead incubus on heart and brain, or what with white lips and a shudder, she scarce dared to think of it, for she had a conviction only too terrible in its strength, that "the lion rampant would never admit a sewing-machine into its quarterings."

After all, it was but to leave a world which had afforded her no happiness, and to avoid a future which promised her only an objectless life. She would leave none behind her who would mourn her loss as a dire affliction, and why go on to continue a battle in which unhappiness and defeat would be the certain result?

She forgot that she was discounting the future, as all such reasoners do, without possessing the power to do so with the smallest reliability.

Yet the arguments sufficed for her, and she folded her hands tightly over her cold and throbbing bosom. She murmured a hurried prayer, one name being uppermost in her distracted brain, one name being the last on her lips, and with a sudden, lightning-like spring, she leaped on to the seat in the recess above the pier of the bridge—to find her wrist abruptly and tightly seized, and herself forced back to the pavement again.

With a faint, tremulous cry, she turned her dim eyes, almost visionless with hot tears, to see whose hand had stayed her from the commission of the indefensible act she had premeditated, and with a feeling of indescribable fright, saw that sunbrowned face which had so strangely fascinated her when she first looked upon it in the yacht, and subsequently when yet nearer to her on board the steamboat.

It was nearer still to her now. She saw that the bright eyes, as before, were perusing her features with an eager, hungry scrutiny—a wild, amazed, searching, minute inquiry.

Although she involuntarily recoiled, she yet found herself powerless to avert her features from his examination of them, or to struggle to release her wrist from his grasp.

In a moment a small, wondering throng gathered round them, and each instant it increased, until it would quickly have become a crowd; but seeing this, he said to her in an undertone—

"I know you: do not fear to trust yourself with me. I penetrate your wretched design, and shall frustrate it. If you would not incur disgrace, exposure and imprisonment, come quietly with me. I will protect and serve you."

Something in the expression of his eyes, something in the thrilling tones of his voice, something in his manner, she knew not what, and could not divine, seemed to numb and paralyze her will. She shuddered, trembled, felt cold and sick with an overpowering dread, like the timid feel when fearing the coming of a phantom. She could have shrieked for help if the power to utter a sound had not been denied her, and yet, as he put the inquisitive, open-mouthed gazers aside and moved onward, she moved unresistingly too. She did not attempt to remove his hand from the hold he yet retained, and before consciousness had returned to her she found herself alone with him in a cab, which was being driven at a swift rate, she knew not whither.

He had placed himself in the opposite corner to her, and leaning back appeared himself to be spellbound in the contemplation of her features. He sat silent and motionless, and this conduct served yet more to increase the indescribable awe with which he inspired her. Her sense of her condition only rendered her position more pitiable; she was alive to the danger of her situation as well as its compromising character, but she seemed to have lost the power of moving a muscle or of articulating a word.

She felt as though she were in a trance, conscious of everything that was transpiring around her, but unable by even the tremor of an eyelid to show that she was a living, breathing creature.

Her distress was intensified, too, by her inability to avert her eyes from his. Some dreadful fascination, such as has been said to be possessed by the serpent, apparently attracted her gaze, and withheld from her the power to remove it.

What made it the more alarming, especially to a mind constituted and educated as hers had been—of late years, at least—in the world's questionable ways, was the startling and unqualified conviction that he was a stranger to her—an utter stranger, whose face was wholly unknown to her, whose features bore no resemblance to any with which she was acquainted, and therefore one who had no claim to even commence an acquaintanceship with her, much less exercise any control over her.

And yet, in spite of her sense of a certain right of freedom of action, in direct opposition to her feeling that he had no privilege whatever to attempt even to guide and direct her, she had an undefinable perception that in some mysterious way he held her in subjection—that he could control her with a look, command her with a sign, and compel her to obey him with the ejaculation of a single word.

What was the meaning of this inexplicable influence, this supernatural agency, which was not reducible to any of the canons of common sense? Was he a spirit from another world that he should be able to exert an irresistible, subtle power, which, though felt, was not traceable to any origin she could conjecture?

The horror of the mystery was her distracting impression, that if a spirit at all, he was an evil one.

Suddenly he spoke to her, and the tones sent a cold thrill through her which she had not experienced when he first addressed her—not because they were harsh, dissonant, or sepulchral; on the contrary, they were soft, mellow, flute-like, but sad beyond description, as though his happiness had been crushed by some overwhelming sorrow, and its memory was ever present to him.

"I have said that I know you," he commenced, "and if a remembrance which has kept one object constantly in its contemplation as brightly and as vividly as when in the reality those eyes gazed worshippingly on it be not deceived, I do know you. Still, I ask you to give me the name you bear, though it be not that to which you are lawfully entitled."

She started.

"That to which I am not lawfully entitled?" she echoed, hastily, as an instinctive response to that remark ran through her mind; yet in an instant the pale, hard face of her who had claimed to be her mother rose up before her, and remembering the change of name which had been adopted by her, she faltered—

"My name, I believe, is Sydney; Mamma Sydney married twice, and the name she now bears, and I have been forced to adopt, is—Smith."

A faint contemptuous smile curled his lip.

"A convenient name by which to lose identity," he returned. "A name to suit the purpose with which it was forced upon you better than most other names. And what Christian name were you compelled to take by—I will not say your godfather and godmothers—but the person whom you call Mamma Sydney?"

"I was called Lydia from my earliest recollection," she answered.

He drew out from the breast-pocket of his coat a pocket-book, and searching over its contents, he took from them a small packet, which he opened, and perused some written memoranda.

"Lydia," he muttered, "Lydia—that is the name of that crazed woman, as I thought."

He looked up at her quickly.

"Did the woman Sydney, or Smith, ever call you by any other name?" he demanded, almost imperatively.

She did not notice the tone—she would not have demurred to it if she had. The magnetic influence he seemed to bring to bear upon her rendered her powerless to employ her own will.

"When she told me that I must take the name of Smith, and not again use that of Sydney until she desired me to resume it, she bade me change the name of Lydia for Etheline."

A slight moan sprang from his lips, his brows contracted, and he bit his lip as though he was suffering from a sharp, acute, inward spasm of immeasurable agony. It was but momentary, however, for a strange smile broke over his face, and he murmured in an undertone, as if communing with himself—

"I would have staked the remainder of my existence that I was right. How could *I* have been deceived? Dawn—dawn, is not my day commencing?"

He looked up again, and fastened those large, dark, glittering, yet mournful, steadfast eyes of his on hers, so that she could neither lower nor avert them.

"You have heard me speaking of the person who forced upon you the name of Smith, who gave you the name of Lydia, and who has since favored you with the name of Etheline, in a detractory tone without taking offence. If you knew her beyond question to be your parent, would you do this?"

Again she involuntarily started, and that innate conviction, that strange never absent sense that she had no right to feel, or to offer filial love to the woman who claimed to be her mother, rose up with greater force than ever. But she remained silent.

He slightly elevated his shoulders.

"I answer for you," he said, quietly, but decisively. "You would not. Nature has a voice of its own, and when it asserts its right to be heard no artifice nor clamor

can stifle it. Even that does not quite help me to what I desire to learn; I feel that I *am* right in a certain presumption in reference to you, but I desire to *know* that I am right. Have you ever heard what was the name of this person Sydney, or Smith, or both, before she was married? Do not answer hastily. Think, and be certain before you give me your reply."

Lydia at first believed that she had never heard Mamma Sydney's family name, but she exerted her memory, for thoughts, and with them hopes, were rising up in her mind, to keep company with those Mr. Athol had given life to; and she racked her brain for some incident which might recall to her memory having heard it mentioned, seen it written, or some clue which might lead to the possession of it.

With the flash of an electric spark, a name seemed to dart out of one of the storehouses of her brain, although to her it was as if old Sydney, whom she had never even—nor would he permit her when directed—called papa, now sibilated, in a strange and startling way in her ear. Through his teeth, too, spitefully and viciously, as if it contained within itself some insinuation of shame, infamy and disparagement to the person who owned it.

"Anne Marchmont!"

"Anne Marchmont!" she ejaculated, involuntarily.

"Anne Marchmont!" repeated the stranger, in a tone of triumph as his eye raced over his memoranda.

Again his preternatural eyes fastened upon her, and made her feel as if she were sinking into a comatose state.

"It is as I imagined—believed—knew. *I* could not be deceived in those lineaments, I—I—who have never banished them from my senses, waking or dreaming. Who shall say that retribution, long delayed, is not awarded at last? My course is plain and simple now, my path is open and straight to the end. What shall keep me from pursuing it—even unto the end?"

She heard every word he uttered as plain as if he had addressed them to her in the highest pitch his voice could command, although he spoke in an undertone, and in a low, wailing note. She heard them, too, with the comprehension that he proposed using her as an instrument of vengeance upon some person or persons who had inflicted grievous and unpardonable wrong upon him.

It was singular, too, that this impression was accompanied by a presentiment that for those whom he designed to punish through her, she would give her life to protect from injury, perhaps destruction.

Yet she seemed to possess only the power to see, hear and think, not to move. Her limbs, her whole frame felt as if it were frozen into utter inertness; and it was only when he removed his great eyes, burning with a strange inward fire, that the power of action was restored to her. Then, alas! only to give her strength to obey his commands.

And he did remove his gaze, to bury his face in his hands, and bow his head to his knees; but whether in an incontrollable paroxysm of intense grief, or he had intentionally plunged into a fit of abstraction in which she had no mean share, she was unable to tell, he sat so motionless and rigid.

At length the vehicle stopped. He alighted, handed her out and dismissed the driver.

A feeling of terror, of distraction, of repugnance and resistance rose up within her; when he, with a smile which made her blood run cold, said to her, in a soft, sweet voice—

"Attend me, Ethelind!"

She wished to turn from him and fly, she did not think, she did not care, where: but she had no more power to retreat than the needle from the magnet when within reach of its influence. She would have given worlds to scream frantically, if that would break the spell; but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. She strove to look appealingly to the passers to and fro, and implore their succor to remove her from the dreadful fascination which rendered her helpless; but not one of the strong men, nor the firm-minded, pure-souled members of her own sex appeared to heed or even to see her.

He saw her reluctance, and smiled again sadly. A heavy sigh escaped his lips.

"If you could have known the past you would not fear me," he softly remarked. "When you come to know it, you will—you may—" He hesitated. "But that for the future. Come—you cannot go back now."

He placed his hand gently on hers, and the touch thrilled her to the very marrow; but as he moved, so she moved too, unresistingly, helplessly.

He conducted her through some thoroughfares, and turnings, and by-ways. She took no note of them. Her perceptions were dazed, blinded to everything but the one harrowing conviction that he possessed a controlling power over her which she was unable to oppose.

It might be truly said that she found herself within an apartment, and in the presence of a lady, without quite understanding how it had been achieved.

But as if another presence had somewhat weakened his spell, there rose up in her mind a glimmering of joyful hope that the lady before her would enable her to throw off the lethargic, numbing influence with which this strange man held her in his trammels. She resolved, the instant she was alone with her, to make passionate appeals for help and release, although if her prayer were granted, and she were to be restored to the street with perfect liberty of action, she knew not whither to direct her steps, being forlorn and friendless.

But again a sense of despair stole over her, for her trembling eyes were no sooner turned upon the lady with whom she was going through the ceremony of introduction than she perceived that her lineaments closely resembled his, and that she, too, possessed somewhat of that strange and mysterious power of attraction which she found so terrible

[illegible] long inspection, as though she anticipated, and was determined to discover some hidden sins of commission or intention, and drag them forth pitilessly for public reprobation.

So her heart died within her, and she understood at once that hope for merciful aid from this woman to disenthral her from the mysterious toils which the man at her side had cast over her was wholly delusive.

She heard him rapidly interchange words with her; but they were uttered in so low a tone that she could not comprehend a sentence, until the lady, in a louder and more emphatic strain, demanded—

"Are you sure? Can you be sure, with the many chances of deception by which everything in this city of sin is surrounded, and the wild improbability of such a coincidence as you have communicated to me?"

He uttered a sarcastic, bitter laugh.

"Am I likely to be deceived?" he demanded, scornfully. "I, who have cherished but one memory and one purpose! The improbability it is that makes it the coincidence. Besides I have proof, and—do not misinterpret me—it is my will."

He uttered the last words in a stern, authoritative manner, which made her recoil a pace, and murmur, as if she had been an Indian slave—

"I obey!"

He advanced to Lydia, and took her hand in his. She felt powerless to resist, and trembled under the thrill which pervaded her frame, and which was painful from the indescribable horror it occasioned her.

Gazing steadfastly at her, he said, in soft, exquisitely musical tones—

"I beg you to be under no apprehension while beneath my roof, and under the charge of my sister. I know your earliest history, which you do not, and that alone will not only induce me to treat you with the greatest consideration and respect, but will cause me to compel others to do the same. You will remain here, I hope, at least with resignation until I have determined what the next scene shall be in the drama—for it is a drama—perhaps I shall have to say tragedy—with which we are but too closely connected. You cannot forget the commission of the error, the consummation of which I rescued you from. You will not have the opportunity of attempting to repeat it, should such a weakness again take possession of you. Abandon the notion that you are friendless in the world, for—hear me and mark me—henceforth my whole life will be devoted to you. *You are mine*—MY QUEEN!"

As he concluded, his voice lowered almost to inaudibleness, yet it was as clear to her as if it had been a trumpet-blast in frosty air sent across a frozen lake.

Then followed a dead silence, and she seemed to lose all sense of life or motion. She was, however, aroused from her death-like abstraction by feeling an ice-cold hand upon her wrist, and hearing a harsh voice say, sneeringly—

"Come! I will conduct you to your regal apartment!"

She looked round her with a shiver: but he was gone, and she suffered herself to be led unresistingly from the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

DISENTOMBED.

Well might the Marquis of St. Leonards have drawn a deep breath, as if to nerve himself for a coming interview of deep importance to himself, when he passed within the entrance of that lonely cottage.

In a moment, as it were, of his life he had been hurled from a condition of happy serenity to one of distraction and vengeful desperation—from a state of unruffled equanimity, so far as his mundane affairs were concerned, to an ever-present sense of desolation. He had not appreciated the value of the love he almost unconsciously cherished for his wife until she was lost to him, as he supposed, forever.

Not that he could bring himself to believe that she had really perished in the Earl's Pool adjacent to the Stepping-Stones. He had heard, he knew not how, that mad Lyddy Marchmont was seen on the ridge on that fatal and tempestuous night; and although he had acquiesced in what he secretly imagined to be a plot cunningly conceived and executed by Anne Marchmont, her sister, he could not cherish the conviction that it was his wife who was found drowned, and interred in the family vault in the village church.

He knew as far as his eyesight was to be depended on that the injurer of his honor had escaped his bullet on that same night, and what was more natural than that Lady Hastingleigh, having been discovered by him engaged in a meeting alike derogatory to his honor and to hers, had fled with her paramour.

What more likely than that the poor demented girl, who had lost her wits out of her great love for him and her bitter disappointment at being cast off for another, should have perished in making an attempt which nearly cost him his life?

Was it so utterly improbable that Anne Marchmont, whose one redeeming trait was love for her sister, should twist out of the circumstances which had happened the opportunity of laying the girl he had ruined in the last resting-place of the St. Leonards, where, had *he* thought of his honor when gratifying his selfish passion, she would have laid as her right?

He was certain within his own mind that he had eliminated out of the tales and stories which had been submitted to him the actual truth, but it had suited him to let the world believe what it was told, and to let matters take their course. But sooner or later the inevitable day of reckoning intimates its advent, and he had received his intimation.

The circumstances which had cropped up within the last few weeks made it imperative for him to know on what ground he stood—to make sure what had become of his wife, and of his victim, Lydia.

The individual to whom he was to be introduced must, he thought, from what he had seen in the copse the night previously, prove to be Lady Hastingleigh; if so, he had determined upon the course he should pursue toward her. Upon what appeared [illegible] him to be unquestionable authority, [illegible] only child had perished miserably. [illegible] felt the bereavement, a secret though [illegible] is, more deeply than he had supposed, it made him feel, too, all the more reckless toward the hapless mother.

[illegible] there was, however, the bare possibility [illegible] the woman Marchmont had not lied to [illegible], that her lunatic sister might not have [illegible] forced to enact the part of the dead [illegible] Hastingleigh. She might be in the [illegible] awaiting his coming: if it should [illegible] to be so, what a mountain would [illegible] removed from his breast—he would be [illegible] tackled in all ways, and free to bestow [illegible] and coronet as he contemplated. [illegible] heart beat rapidly as he passed over [illegible] threshold, and strode up to a female [illegible] crouched in a corner of the hearth, [illegible] ing and dozing over the embers of a [illegible] ying fire. Impetuously he laid his [illegible] upon her shoulder, and swung her [illegible] round to obtain a view of her face. His act was responded to by a harsh, savage growl, and the figure leaping to its feet turned upon him, and showed him the hard visage and gaunt frame of the mother of Lydia Marchmont.

He recoiled a pace or two, for she recognized him with a cry of rage, and would have sprung upon him like a tigress, had not her daughter Anne interposed, and forced her back to her place at the chimney corner.

"Are you mad, mother?" she cried, in a sharp, menacing voice. "Do you not see who I have brought with me to visit you in your humble home? It is my lord. Make your duty to him, mother—do you hear me? Do what I tell you; you know that it is better for you to take my advice—remember, and take it."

"Do I not see who he is?" half shrieked the old woman, foaming at the mouth, stamping her feet, and working her hands impotently, for her daughter Anne held her with a grip of iron. "Do I not know him? My lord! Ha! ha! Satan! fiend! who robbed me of my beauty—my flower—my lily—my rosebud—the light of our hearth: who robbed me of my husband, my Adam—for Lyddy's fall broke his heart! Oh, my Lyddy—my girl—my blighted, crushed flower—my murdered—"

Anne pressed her hand over her mother's mouth and drowned her voice; she forced her down on to a chair, and between her grating teeth whispered something in her ear, which, spoken excitedly, was partly audible to the marquis, but not sufficiently so for him to connect the words into sentences.

Yet he started as he caught the words, "Laid in state"—"village church"—"my lord's tomb," and he guessed the rest.

The old woman, however, would not be pacified; she wrestled and struggled, and displayed a ferocious desire to liberate herself from her daughter's grip, that she might attack the marquis; but eventually her daughter proved the stronger, and she also succeeded in inducing her mother to listen to her, and then whispered some words in her ear which operated like a talisman, for the old woman ceased striving, her arms fell powerless by her side, and suddenly burying her face in her hands she rocked herself to and fro, and wept in a way it was piteous to behold.

"You see, my lord, the ruin of an innocent and trusting girl does not include the ruin of her happiness only, nor is the money bestowed in compensation the price of serenity—money will not purchase forgetfulness."

"Silence," interposed the marquis, sternly. "I did not come here to listen to the maudlin of an intoxicated beldame, nor to listen to homilies from your lips. I have struck a bargain with you; you were content to take money to tranquilize your mind and that of your family; adhere to your contract, as I have to mine. Produce your crazy charge, and if she be the person you have declared her to be, I will give yet more than I have to restore peace to your injured consciences."

He uttered the last sentence in such a sneering tone as to make Anne writhe and grate her teeth: but she controlled her rage, as she thought—

"The time has not yet come to bite;" and, assuming an icy demeanor, she said—

"I will keep my word, but I must prepare her for your coming, my lord marquis."

He knitted his brows as he observed her lips curl while uttering the last words.

"Beware how you attempt to play any trick upon me," he rejoined, with deliberate emphasis and determination. "I have mentally prepared myself to meet the person with whom I believe you are about to bring me face to face. I am prepared to find collusion, and shall know how to treat it—perhaps, if it suits me, to reward it: but I warn you not to try to gull or cheat me, and I advise you to be frank and confiding, to reveal all you can tell me without reserve. No place or time will suit your purpose and mine better than now and here; speak out, therefore, if you would secure for yourself a competency which shall in the future place you beyond the reach of want."

The woman, Anne, folded her arms, and with her pallid face turned toward him listened to him it almost seemed in scornful silence. When he had finished, she responded with a kind of weary bitterness of feeling—

"You cannot tempt me, my lord, with reference to my future. Life has no charms for me, and whether I end my days a bent, miserable, decrepit object in a poor-house, or I make for myself a grave in the Earl's Pool, as your bright, beautiful and faithful wife, Lady Hastingleigh did, I care not. Like your lordship, I have a purpose; and when that is attained, I care not what the end as it affects me may be."

"You still persist that it was not your sister who was found drowned in the—the pool you have named?" exclaimed the marquis, fastening his eyes with a bright and vivid scrutiny upon her stiffened features.

"You shall judge for yourself," she returned again, giving to her lip that scornful expression which stung him, as if he knew it to be a meditated insult. "You ought to know the features you once loved to feast your eyes on, even though they be changed. A vision so often dwelt upon with a passionate lovingness cannot fade out of memory altogether."

"No," he returned, coldly, but slightly biting his nether lip; "therefore, waste no further time, for I will not be trifled with."

Anne turned to her mother, saying to the marquis as she did so—

"I cannot leave her alone with you. She has strong maternal instincts, and cannot bear the destruction of her child with that equanimity with which more refined minds are able to display."

She saw that he understood her allusion, for he winced, but he merely made a gesture with his hand for her to depart, and Anne bent over her mother, whispered in her ear, and conducted her into an inner room.

The marquis, on finding himself alone, gazed at first curiously about him, as if to ascertain whether there was any other mode of egress than that by which he had entered; but it seemed that there was only the room into which Anne had ushered her mother, and an upper room, approached by a primitive winding staircase, springing out of the room in which he then was.

A strange silence ensued, and he seated himself in the chair which the old woman had just vacated, and covering his eyes with his hands, apparently in meditation, but in reality to listen, with undivided attention, to what might transpire in the room beyond.

After a minute's intent attention he caught the sound of whisperings going on, not exactly in altercation, but rather in urging and objections. It was evident that one was earnestly soliciting, and the other was deprecating and declining. He listened more intently still.

He was startled by a slight creaking of the stairs ascending to the room above. Immediately it was followed by the rustle of a dress close to him, and the lifting of the latch of the door.

He leaped to his feet and turned swiftly round, and beheld a female form, enveloped in a long cloak, standing on the threshold, with her face turned toward him.

A burning brand of wood suddenly shot up a bright gleam of light, and the ruddy beams fell upon her countenance, displaying every feature clearly.

It was the face of Lady Hastingleigh on which he gazed, if ever he had looked upon that face in his life.

For a moment, and a moment only, he felt blinded, dazed, thunderstricken; then, to make assurance no longer a doubt, he moved toward her to grasp her wrist, to convince himself that she was not a phantom, but his wife, whom, in this instant of intense excitement, he felt to be still queen of his heart.

Yet swifter than thought she threw out her hand in his direction, and pointed her finger menacingly at him.

"At your peril!" she ejaculated, in low, resolute tones, but clear as the notes of a silver bell.

In tones so familiar to his ear that they vibrated on a chord—one of his heart-strings—making it ache with exquisite torture.

Instinctively he pressed his clenched hands on his breast, and recoiled a step or two. It was enough. She was gone in the darkness, and the door closed with a clang, shutting him out, as it seemed, from pursuit.

He had no intention to be so foiled. He did not for a moment doubt that it was his wife who in reality had the moment before stood before him. It flashed through his brain with the rapidity with which thoughts only can succeed each other that his wife and her paramour both had escaped all dangers on that dreadful night on which he had first discovered, as he supposed, her infidelity, and had fled to India together, that they had returned together, and that now she was dogging his footsteps with some purpose which he had yet to learn.

That it was of extreme importance to him to become acquainted with that purpose, he comprehended as quickly as the thought had presented itself to his mind, and that to seize her in his strong grip was to have the power to wring from her her secret object, whatever it might be.

In a moment his hand was on the latch of the door; but ere he could lift it a voice in his rear, used sharply and shrilly, made him turn his head.

Could he believe his senses? Was he in a dream, or had he been tricked and fooled from first to last?

If there had been one conviction stronger than another regarding the events which had blighted his domestic happiness, it was that Lydia Marchmont had been drowned in the Earl's Pool on the night that had wrecked his peace. Yet now he saw her standing within the inner room, just beyond the threshold of the door.

Anne, her sister, was holding her firmly by the wrist, and was speaking to her in an undertone, but in a threatening manner.

She was much altered, it was true. Her face was haggard, her cheek-bones prominent, but there were the large, lustrous brown eyes, full of intelligent fire, the magnificent luxuriant tresses, all unconfined, descending like a cataract over her partly bare white shoulders, revealed by a dress only loosely flung on.

Oh, memory, memory, memory! what did that disordered attire bring back to him, as he gasped, hysterically—

"Lydia!"

"Ay," ejaculated Anne, harshly, "Lydia, my poor sister Lyddy, and your victim. Speak to him, my girl, and give him the words of welcome with which, years ago, you were so fond of greeting your lordly lover."

But her prisoner's brows were knitted together with a look of fear and distress, and she shrank back and wrestled as if she would liberate herself, and fly, not to the marquis, but to some retired nook and conceal herself

"Not a word," continued Anne, with set teeth, and gripping her as if her hand was a vice. "You see, my lord, that she has not lost all feelings of shame and grief, of remorse and misery, for the error she committed, and the infamous wrong you perpetrated. Speak to him, Lydia, my poor one, and ask him, now that he knows himself to be free, whether he will keep the vow he made in the hour of your trustfulness, and make you Lady St. Leonards."

Still there was no response from her shrinking sister, save a further effort to get free, and the marquis, drawing a deep breath, began to recover from his stunned amazement.

"Silent, too, my lord marquis?" pursued Anne, in the same sharp, acrid voice. "What, not a word of greeting to the poor girl whom you have treated as boys do butterflies—pursuing till possessed, and then tossed aside with crushed wings and despoiled bloom?"

The marquis bit his nether lip and frowned. He did wish to speak, not what she expected him to say, yet he was still so staggered he was at a loss how to commence.

"I have kept my word, Lord St. Leonards," she proceeded, in a sneering tone. "I am, however, only an humble creature. Is it not a noble thing for you to keep your word, as I have always kept mine?"

"But you are such a liar, Anne Sydney," suddenly exclaimed a voice from the door by which the marquis had entered the cottage; "at least, it has been my lot so to prove you, I may say, a wicked liar."

Anne uttered a screech of horrified surprise as her eye fell upon the intruder, and in an instant she flung the door to, shutting herself and sister from view. The marquis heard a bolt drawn within, and then he turned to see who had entered, and had spoken in such a way as to electrify and affright one whose nerves seemed to be made of iron. The man appeared to be a stranger to him, yet he bowed, grimaced and gesticulated as if he felt that the marquis would immediately recognize and condescend to familiarity with him.

This, however, did not happen, and then the stranger, seeing that he remained unknown, screwed up his pimpled, thin, rubicund visage, and pointing to the closed door, exclaimed, with a sound as if sipping boiling soup—

"Aha!—spf—I am Anne's husband—spf—the legitimate article—spf—worse luck for me—spf—and for her—spf. You do not surely forget your old valet? You surely, my lord, do not forget bestowing my hand upon yonder hell-kite—spf? I should have thought you would never have forgotten that—spf; I hav'n't—spf—I sha'n't—spf—not if I live a million years."

"Are you here to take part in her scheme?" demanded the marquis, sternly, having recovered somewhat his self-possession.

"Dear me, no—spf—not at all—spf—quite the other way. Little matters of my own—perhaps yours, my lord—spf—perhaps of one poor, dear young thing, who—spf—who—spf—"

He paused, and pulling out a very dirty cotton handkerchief, blew his nose rather vigorously.

"Be explicit and quick," interposed the marquis, impatiently. "I have been bewildered enough already. What have you to say that may interest me?"

The man looked sharply around him, and almost seemed to prick up his ears like a dog.

"Not here," he presently said, with an inspiration. "Decidedly not here. Keyholes have ears, and when you are not provided with pea shooters they hold their own triumphantly. I will look in upon you at the Court, my lord, or in London. I shall choose my own time, because *my* pear is not ripe. It would be fatal to me to be premature. It might be fatal to the interests of one at whose shrine I worship to be premature. My life may not be worth to myself more than an empty brandy-bottle would be to my iron-clad Anne, but to the poor child I adorate—"

"What child?" interposed the marquis, quickly, even savagely.

The man started, for the tone seemed to cut him like a poisoned knife. He looked at the bright, fiery eye of the marquis, his contracted brow, and his compressed lip.

"Rancor and hate," he muttered, with half-closed eyes. "The curse of Cain—the sins of the father suffered for by the children—the old story."

Then he drew himself up with a sudden movement, looking like a frozen scarecrow, with a face carved out of beet-root.

"My lord marquis," he said, with a firmness and dignity he had not before shown, "pardon me if I led you to believe that I spoke of anything you had loved or might be drawn to love. I spoke of myself only; I have old fancies. I fancy that the dingy, leafless, seemingly lifeless hop-pole in the Kent gardens has some inner life and perceptions beyond our ken. If it has, it is conscious of the young, beautiful, graceful vine which, planted at its foot, commences to cling tenderly and caressingly round it, growing up inch by inch, folding its tender arms about it, grateful for its firm support, giving out with its loveliness of form a fragrance which lends fresh charm to its surpassing beauty. I say that pole, that common stick, knows that it gave no germ to that plant, that it had nought to do with its birth, only with its growth, with its sustaining, with its upholding, and defending it from the rude blasts which might wither and destroy it; but I contend that it cannot go through its season of supporting the trailing loveliness from its infancy to its maturity and not love it, worship it, adorate, and devote its existence, such as it is, to see that its beauty and its sweetness reap their full reward. That is an allegory, my lord—but it is my case, that is my mission. I have no more to say just now to your lordship, but I shall have anon—spf. Very soon—down yonder or in London, upon—"

He was interrupted, and both were startled by a loud, piercing shriek, which came from some part of the wood without, and the marquis, with a sudden impression darting into his brain, at once pulled open the door and rushed forth in the direction whence the sound proceeded, leaving the strange old man behind him.

"A trick of my Anne's," he muttered, with a nodding of the head and winking of both eyes. "I will wait for her return and have a word with her. What an interesting *tete-a-tete* it will be."

With that he cowered down by the burning logs, gibbering, and holding his head as if his mind was full of the most ludicrous thoughts. He turned his head and his eyes about and about, and he raised up his blotchy upper lip and protruded his teeth.

"No," he muttered, gutturally, "the pear is not ripe; the fruit is but yet a blossom, a sweet, delicate pear-blossom, and the sun is peeping forth to ripen it, and it shall ripen it, I will take care of that—spf—sweet Anne—I will take care of that. Your health, my Anne, my purse, my income, my brandy-keg, your health."

As he uttered the last expression, he drew from an inner pocket a small flask, and with a hand that shook as if he were fearfully palsied, he raised it up, and lowered his lips until he had seized it with his mouth, then holding tightly on to the flask, he threw his head back and quaffed.

When he drew the bottle away to take breath, he stoppered it and put it back in its place of concealment.

Again he cast his eyes furtively about him, and then let them settle on the door of the inner room.

"She must come back to me," he muttered. "I know too much; she must make terms with me; she must come to my terms. Yes, Anne, my *immortelle*, my terms. Ho, ho, ho! Man proposes, my Anne, but it is the Almighty who disposes—you *must* come to *my* terms."

Then he turned his eyes upon the blazing embers, and laughed in an eldritch tone.

As if in answer to his positive assertion, he felt himself irresistibly drawn into a dozing slumber, and his head presently fell on his knees.

A face suddenly looked in at the window—a woman's face, pale to ghastliness.

Within a few minutes some light wreaths of white smoke began to steal beneath the crevices of the door of the inner room, and curled and twisted densely, yet fantastically, up to the ceiling. It was followed by a crackling, sputtering sound, as if the inner room was on fire.

But the blotched-faced scarecrow still cowered with his head on his knees by the hearth, dozing—perhaps dreaming of a drunkard's paradise—and the white smoke rolled in and commenced rapidly to fill the room.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 36.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ABOVE TEMPEST AND TIDE.—After the German of Sophie Verena. By AUBER FORESTIER. This is the latest importation from the realms of German fiction. It is a free translation, or rather an English adaptation, of Sophie Verena's "Duty Above All," which appeared first in the widely-circulated pages of the Berlin Roman-Zeitung, and was directly thereupon republished in book-form. By retaining intact the high-toned, common-sense basis of the original, and at the same time judiciously pruning away much that was superfluous and exaggerated, Auber Forestier has presented the American reading public with a very attractive novel. Renate Von Waldstein, the heroine, will inevitably win the hearts of all who have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. She is a woman of great intensity of character, who from earliest girlhood is repeatedly placed in positions of the utmost perplexity and suffering, and who courageously waving the banner bearing the noble device of "Duty Above All," rises grandly triumphant above the rudely-surging tide of her destiny and the fearful tempests that assail her. The characters are all well drawn, many wholesome, noble life-lessons are delicately interwoven with the stirring plot of the book, and the whole is clothed in Auber Forestier's choicest language. The volume is very neatly gotten up, and in the hands of its energetic publishers will undoubtedly meet with brilliant success. Published by Messrs. H. N. McKinney & Co., No. 16 N. Seventh street, Philadelphia.

A VAGABOND HEROINE.—By MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS, author of "Archie Lovell," &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LITTLE GRANDFATHER.—By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, New York; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

THE YEAR.—By D. C. COLESWORTHY. A volume of poems illustrating the Seasons. Published by Lee & Shepard, New York; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The June number contains "The New Atlantis," an illustrated description of Atlantic City; "The Roumi in Kabylia;" "Our Home in the Tyrol," by Margaret Howitt; "Saint Roinualds," by Emma Lazarus; the continuation of "Berrytown," a story by that talented writer, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis; "Bowery England," by Wirt Sikes; Monthly Gossip, and Literary Criticisms, &c.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The June number leads off with an article on "The French Imbroglio of 1798," by JAMES PARTON. Mr. Parton's view, in our opinion, is entirely too one-sided. He does not see that the influence of Hamilton in our early politics was just as needful—to say the least—as that of Jefferson. The Federal Constitution is all the better because both of those great men exerted an influence in its formation. Hamilton would have made the central power and the bond of union too strong; Jefferson too weak. Of course we know that Jefferson was absent from the country at the formation of the Constitution, and simply use his name as the representative of certain ideas, of which he was the ablest American champion. Mr. Parton is so ill-qualified for an historian, that he is even bitter against Hamilton, and reproduces the Reynolds' scandal, accompanying it with comments neither fair nor large.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, for June, contains "The Ascent of Mount Hayden," by N. P. Langford; "Bret Harte," (illustrated) by Noah Brooks; "American Irish and American Germans," by F. A Walker; "Tides of the Sea and Tides of the Air," by John Wise; the continuation of "Arthur Bonnicastle," by Dr. Holland; "An Old-Fashioned Story," by Marian Stockton; Editorial Articles, &c.

Discovery of a Murderer.

The merest chance has led to the discovery of the murderer of the agent of the People's Bank in Florence. In making a post-mortem examination of the corpse of Rugin the doctor observed that one hand was firmly closed. He opened it, not without difficulty, and found it contained some hairs of a red beard. This was a revelation. It became evident that the unfortunate Rugin, in struggling with his assassins, had seized one of them by the beard. The next step was to discover what individual having access to Rugin's house wore a red beard. It was then remembered that the servant of Rugin had a lover, a dyer, named Bergamaschi, whose hair and beard were red. He was arrested, and his house searched. Under a stove nearly a thousand francs were discovered, and several portions of his clothing were found to be stained with blood.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

ABOUT SELF-SACRIFICE.

Don't call me a hard-hearted heathen now, I beg of you. Call me pet names, but don't call me that. Because I'm sensitive, and it will hurt my feelings.

But the fact is, I don't believe in self-denial to an unlimited extent. I don't believe it's Christian doctrine, in the first place; and in the next place, it is the ruination of people to be sacrificed to, like an old heathen deity. As a general rule, things which sound well in poetry work most abominably in real life. I've noticed that. Wherever you observe that anything sounds particularly beautiful in poetry, you may set a peg down that it's something which won't wash in practical life. For instance: from time immemorial it has been a favorite amusement of poets and writers to harp upon the mouldering string of the loveliness of a mother's devotion to her children, giving her life up to them, letting her whole mortal existence be swallowed up in theirs, like the whale swallowing Jonah, as it were. It's a most pernicious and dangerous doctrine, worse than Darwinian; yes, worse than woman's rights and cold water put together. Wherever a woman lets a gang of children swallow her up like a very big whale swallowing a very little Jonah, just there she fails most miserably in her duty both to herself and her children. I know it's very fine to talk about, how lovely it is for a mother to deny herself evening parties, good clothes, intellectual pursuits, and all that, to devote herself to her children—how altogether admirable it is for her to spend the energies of her life waiting on them, washing, dressing, decking them out in the most elaborate clothing her purse and fancy are equal to, and sending them off to Sunday-School, or a party, or somewhere, while she herself stays at home stitching or cooking for them, and looking like Old Scratch, in a dingy calico wrapper, with her hair in that horrid knot like a baker's twist. Very beautiful, isn't it?

Yes! oh, yes!

I tell you it isn't beautiful at all. On the contrary, it is exceedingly silly. There is a well-known principle in mechanics that no labor is ever lost, but it appears to me that this sort of overdone devotion of mothers to their children, comes about as near being labor lost as anything well can be, not to violate a principle of physics. It is an injury both to mother and children, and an injury to other people. Let me tell you. I know one of these excessively devoted mothers. I have known several in my time, and I don't think I ever saw one yet whose children didn't look down on her as a drudge, and nothing else. I never saw one whose children didn't become selfish men and women, utterly regardless of the comfort and rights of other people, especially of their own families. But this mother I mentioned was so devoted to her children that she arose in the morning and made the fires all over the house, and let her grown sons, great strapping hulks of fellows, lie in bed till breakfast was ready, when she called them very tenderly, and when they came down-stairs she didn't exactly wash their faces for them, but she had soap, water and towels all waiting for them, as though they had been all princes of the blood and she a kitchen scullion. And she made herself a slave to them in everything else, just the same. The great, strapping hulks of fellows regarded their mother as a drudge born to wait upon them, and by and by when they had families, they regarded their wives and children in exactly the same light. They expect their wives to creep meekly about and drudge for them, just as their mother used to. If the household of one of them happens to be temporarily without a servant, his wife must arise first, make the fires, prepare the breakfast, and then gently awaken the lord and master of the premises. I'm blest if I wouldn't let that man lie in bed till he starved!

No. There is a golden mean to be observed in all things. Children ought to be brought up to wait upon themselves and other people, to have regard for the rights and the comforts of others. A stupid, affectionate drudge of a mother is about the last person on earth to train model republican citizens.

Of course there is nothing in this life more grand or heroic than to lose one's life trying to save that of another. Moral grandeur can reach no sublimer height than to give one's life to save another life. When it comes to be one's duty to die for folks, of course one oughtn't to hesitate a moment, but go and die forthwith. But that is something very different from one individual's being a slave to another while both are living. Such self-sacrifice amounts simply to committing suicide by inches, without doing the other person any good. The longer I live, the more apparent it becomes to my mind that the Creator never intended one person to be born for a drudge to another. Self-sacrifice is a good thing till it reaches the point of engendering selfishness in the person sacrificed to, then it ought to stop. ZIG.

PASSION-FLOWER.

This verdurous rock is fragrant as of old;
The marble Psyche stands,
White gleaming through the green, so still, so cold,
With tireless tresses falling fold on fold,
And lightly lifted hands;
Drooped over by the passion-flower that trails,
As then it trailed in that far distant year.
No touch of all the heart-stored picture fails.
And I—I too am here!

Hush! My heart swelleth. Darling, dost thou know
How often in my dreams,
This bosky haunt of thine has risen so,
The Psyche shining like a thing of snow,
As there she coldly gleams
With lips no lingering sun-ray seems to flush,
With shyly lowered glance that never lifts;
Though the still west is all a rosy blush,
As day to darkness drifts?

Faithless? ah, nay! The passion-blossom lies
Still near my hungering heart;
Through all the shadows two love-lighted eyes,
Blue as Hope's own, like sister stars would rise;
But we were long apart,
Long, long! And voiceless distance day by day,
Stretched sadder and more silently between,
And ghostly doubtings haunt the lonely way,
Though memory's glades are green.

And what is earthly love? The prey of years
Whose soundless foot-falls slay;
A heart-guest driven forth by faithless fears,
Beguiled by smiles, or overworn by tears.
How dared I surely say
The love-fire lighted in a maiden heart,
In summer hours so few and now so far,
Would burn as brightly—though we dwelt apart—
As some self-lighted star?

Loyal I knew thee; but how much of love
Lives through the eyes alone!
Honor may hold the heart, but shall not move
Its slackened chords to music. Though I strove
To hold thee all mine own,
What were thy truth without the tenderness,
That is to truth as fragrance to the rose?
Forgive the fears that wronged thee! Sorrow's stress
Drawe loyal hearts more close.

I feared to find thee statue-cold, and lo!
The passion-flower yet blooms.
No marble maiden greets me! lids of snow
Veil sunny orbs with such a flame aglow
As lightens through the glooms
Of sorrow-darkened years. Oh, heart of gold,
That such assay finds droseless, spirit fine,
Love-loyal through long loneliness. Behold,
The crown of life is thine!

My Psyche, pure as yonder pulseless stone,
Yet passion-flushed and warm,
My spring-faced girl-love, now to summer grown,
Soul-sweet, heart-faithful, fond, and all mine own,
What spirit doth inform
Thy winsome womanhood? The statue's grace,
The blossom's glory, mingle in thy dower;
For thou art fair, as is the Psyche's face,
And sweet as is the flower.

The statue stands, a shaft of sunset lights
Its chill unchanging brow.
So gleamed it through the dreams of many nights,
But foolish fear-born fancies, fond affrights,
All, all are banished now!
Still at my breast the passion-flower lies,
But now two happy hearts against it beat,
My rose-flushed Psyche, lift those soul-lit eyes,
And let our spirits meet!

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST—The great question at present agitating the female mind is the Redingote. Everybody wants one, everybody is bound to have one, and everybody wants somebody else to decide whether it shall be made close-fitting all around like a polonaise, or whether it shall be half-fitting and belted down, or if it wouldn't be "nicer" close-fitting in the back, and the fronts loose sacque-shape and left to hang from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. Very likely it would if any one wants it, but I have yet to see any one to whom the style is particularly becoming. The Redingote, with the close-fitting back and loose fronts, is an Americanism most decidedly; and in Paris, where the fashion is supposed to have originated, such a garment is not seen. The fact is, these loose-fronted Redingotes were imported from Paris, but with the understanding that purchasers here should have them fitted down to suit the form. The directions not being pinned fast to the garments, the importers forgot all about their unfinished Redingotes, and displayed them as the "very latest from Paris." And, per consequence, New York's fair daughters went into ecstasies over them, clasped their hands, and sank back into the luxurious depths of their velvet-covered sofas, murmuring "So stylish!" and the next day the air was full of them. They were more plenty than ministers in conference time, and not half as pleasant to look upon; and to-day, turn whichsoever way you will, one of these self-same, loose, straight-fronted, ungraceful, disgusting, unbearable Redingotes is staring you right in the face. I heard one lady say she would not take five hundred dollars to walk down Union Square with one on, and if you will believe me, that woman rose a hundred per cent. in my estimation, for that one sensible remark. And yet, every lady who does wear one bears upon her countenance the most complacent and satisfied expression, reminding one of the prayer of the worthy Scotchman:

"Lord, gi'e us a guid conceit o' oursel's."

The close-fitting Redingote is a very pretty garment, comparatively speaking, though not one to go into convulsions over. It does not differ very materially from the polonaise, except that it is cut longer and left open down the front from the belt to the bottom of the skirt. The principal variation is in the arrangement and style of trimming. Buttons you *must* have. If you can't get them as large as saucers, get them as large as you can; but if you value your happiness don't take up with anything smaller than one the size of a silver dollar, *i. e.*, if you were born long enough ago to remember seeing one, and if you wasn't, don't all the same.

The Redingote itself is most generally seen in a light lustrous goods known as mohair cashmere, and the popular shades are "gosling green," (a new color,) and pale buff. The favorite trimming is black velvet. The immense buttons are placed all down the front and at the corners of the pockets. The fronts themselves are faced with black velvet, simulating revers. The pockets are large and are of black velvet, as is also the deep cuff that turns over half-way to the elbow. The button-holes, as may be inferred, have to be large to accommodate the buttons, and as it would be an all-day's job, on the eight-hour system, to work one in the old way, the newer method of *binding* is resorted to. When done neatly it is quite as effective as the time-honored buttonhole-stitch.

The other Redingote is a long sacque belted in at the waist, and also trimmed with buttons, pockets, revers, etc. It looks well on tall, slender forms, but is hardly the style for the short or the stout.

But whatever may be said of the Redingote, a great good is likely to grow out of it. It has no *ruffles* or side plaitings, or puffs, or anything else tedious to make and burdensome to wear. And all along with it the lower skirts are doing away with their fancifully-trimmed front breadths and heavily-flounced back ditto, and now content themselves with one or two modest flounces extending quite around the skirt, or, as is not unfrequently the case, drop everything in the ornamental line and come out in charming simplicity and plainness. And after so many years of mussed-up, be-draggled and be-dusted ruffles, that make new dresses, after the first wearing, look like old ones, it is really a relief to the eye to see them. And there is something so quiet and lady-like about them, that in contemplating them one almost wonders how she ever could have endured those soul-harassing trimmings.

The linen-lawn dresses now being made up for the sultry days that will so soon be upon us, are all fashioned with one skirt trimmed to the waist with flounces two fingers in width. The sleeves are open and flowing, and the waist is a simple blouse worn inside the skirt and belted down. A black or Roman sash adds a pretty finish to a light, airy and graceful costume.

In bonnets no new shapes have developed within the week. We have already some half-dozen styles in different materials, but that is nothing. The only thing to be considered is the placing it upon the head. If you get it high enough, and back far enough, and sufficiently to one side, you'll *do*. If you don't, no matter how elegant your hat, how large a roll of greenbacks you expended in the purchase, how delicate the colors, how long the feather, or how fine the lace, the verdict will be, "No style about it," and you will hide your diminished head in utter disgust, and wonder how such things can be.

What the next freak in hair-dressing will be it is impossible to say. That there will be a radical change soon, is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world. At present, every particle of hair is drawn completely to the top of the head, and arranged in something that looks like a last year's robin's nest. It is not pretty, and it very frequently converts a lovely face into an ugly one, and I have never yet seen any one with any very enthusiastic admiration for the style; so I think it will have to come down. But what form it will assume without repeating itself, it were vain to conjecture.

Boots and slippers are to remain as they have been, a noted dealer informs me. The broad French toe is to reign triumphant, more's the pity, for it is not a graceful shape. It is claimed that it is more comfortable, and if so, we will put up with its ugliness with as much grace as possible. The effort to revive the side-laced gaiter meets with no success. Instead, it may be set down as a magnificent failure. The English walking-shoes have not realized the success predicted for them. In fact, nothing will answer but a boot of French kid, glove-fitting, and buttoned over upon the outside of the foot. Ladies know when their feet look nice, and they are not going to be inveigled into wearing anything that does not tend in that direction.

The fancy for white and colored stitching upon boots has died a natural death. A fine plain boot stitched with black is now alone considered elegant. The Marie Antoinette slipper is also deceased, and with its high heel and flapping instep is little regretted. In its place we have the Lucca slipper—a plain little conceit of black kid, so light and small and purely feminine, that one when wearing it hardly knows herself from Cinderella.

OLIVE KING.

NERVES AND FEELINGS.

To possess nerves and feelings is to be happy. Nerves and feelings are such excellent weapons of offence. They say that Lucrezia Borgia and Catherine di Medicis poisoned obnoxious people. What fools they were! How far behind the present enlightened age! If they had been sharp enough, they might have been martyrs to nerves and feelings, and worried the aforesaid obnoxious people into early graves, at the same time making posterity believe that they were sainted women.

Now-a-days, if Mrs. Jones's husband persistently ignores Mrs. Jones's hints about the new spring-styles, Mrs. Jones has only to say: "Mr. J., remember my feelings," and Mr. J. hastens to come down with the cash. The poor man knows too well what to expect if he doesn't obey *that* hint.

Experience has taught him that if Mrs. J.'s spring suit isn't forthcoming, Mrs. J. will become a persecuted angel, and be a persecuting demon.

Mrs. J. will have a "feeling" that Mr. J. is going to destruction, soul and body. Mr. J. won't get any breakfast. Mrs. J.'s feelings will not allow her to think of vulgar eating and drinking. *Her* mind's eye is on the future. At dinner—which is half-cooked—Mrs. J. weeps at intervals. She has a "feeling" as if some one were walking over her grave; she expects that Mr. J. will go on eating and drinking just the same when she lies under the daisies. (Here she weeps afresh, for "daisies" remind her of the new spring hats.) "That's right, Mr. J., pound the table, don't mind my nerves! oh, don't!" Then she thinks of the poor children, and hopes—very faintly—that Mr. J. won't turn them out into the cold world when she's gone!

Expecting all this, is it any wonder that Mr. J. is very glad to soothe his wife's "feelings" by presenting her with the "stamps?"

A VICTIM.

AN ODD MARRIAGE.—Salisbury people have revived the story of an odd marriage that took place there some years ago. Jonathan Titus and Elizabeth Kelsey had appointed their wedding-day. A brother of Elizabeth died; they indefinitely postponed the event, but after the services of the burial, the father of the deceased and the bride suggested the marriage should be solemnized, whereupon Mr. Prindle, the officiating clergyman, standing at the head of the new-made grave, and the groom and bride at the foot, the astonished audience witnessed a bridal among the tombs.

☞ It is not the bee's touching on the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most on divine truth, that will prove the choicest, wisest, strongest Christian.—*Bishop Hall.*

☞ It is an old saying, that "charity begins at home," but this is no reason that it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, street, or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

WAVE-CRADLED.

We sail toward evening's lonely star
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusty bar
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west;
How sweet to watch the splendors die,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed!

The soft breeze freshens! leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer,
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Lighthouses kindle far and near.
And through the warm deeps of the sky
Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea;
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!
Oh, realize the moment's charm,
Thou dearest! We are at life's best,
Folded in God's encircling arm,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN. NO. 1.

In a late article, entitled "*Nothing to Do*," we discussed the desirableness for all women to obtain an insight into some trade or occupation which could prove a source of support either at the present or at some future occasion. And now we hear this question asked by many voices:

What occupation shall I adopt which will afford me a suitable livelihood?

The decision of this question is an all-important matter; and it is very needful to learn how wide a field there is from which one can select that which is the most adapted to their abilities.

"The cygnet finds the water, but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element."

No one can doubt, however, but that some occupations are far better fitted for some women than others.

Thus we speak of "*born nurses*," "*born editors*," etc., and to excel as a journalist requires certain talents which must be congenital. And educated women can embrace such and such professions, while their less-favored sisters must take those of a lower grade.

There are two classes of occupations from which women can make a selection. The first are frequently too much sought after to be easily obtained, and the latter demand so long a preparatory training, that few women can enter into them as a means of direct support.

Teaching and its concomitants belong most strictly to the former, while the practice of medicine, telegraphy, engraving, etc., are found in the other class.

Teaching is a profession in which women naturally excel, and they are superseding men in it. But yet, a woman must possess a gift for it if she would rise in its ranks. As yet women-teachers do not receive the same pay as men; but if they are able to teach as well as men, possess as much executive ability, and conduct their schools as ably, it is very despicable to withhold a certain amount of money each month because of their sex.

Competition in this profession, however, is excessive on account of its respectability and its requiring no capital to start with, excepting some brains and a good education. These are strictly essential. Yet almost every woman who is thrown upon her own resources, takes up teaching; and it would be far better for many schools if their teachers would relinquish the scholastic chair and take a stand behind the counter.

Children cannot be well taught unless the teacher has been so, and delights in her labor. Then the hard task is made easy.

There are over 150,000 public-school teachers in the Union, and two-thirds of them are women.

It is but a few years since women began to study medicine, but already there are quite a number of well-read, capable and successful women-physicians in the United States, and several colleges have opened their doors for the medical instruction of women, while there are other colleges expressly instituted for their benefit, and, in spite of great obstacles, they have met with a pleasing success. In some colleges, such as in New York and Philadelphia, there have been some annoyances: but all those who have graduated at these medical institutions have succeeded in obtaining good practice, and are receiving, in many cases, large incomes. Mrs. Dr. Fowler Ormsby, of Orange, New Jersey, earns over $15,000 per annum, and keeps four horses, which have abundant exercise, as her practice extends over a circuit of fifty miles. In Springfield, Mass., Miss Dr. Williams is established in a good practice, and, in 1872, was chosen city physician, and performed the duties of the office that year with marked success and satisfaction.

In Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and in truth in all the large cities of the Union, women-physicians are held in the highest repute; and there is no doubt that they will always hold equal rank with men in the care of the sick and suffering, while in the treatment of the diseases of women and of children, they will be found decidedly preferable to them.

The Philadelphia Woman's Medical College is well endowed, and its standard of scholarships ranks high, while it holds the gift of forty free scholarships, thus offering strong inducements to women who possess abilities suited to the profession, to train themselves for its practice.

The New York Medical College and Infirmary for Women is under the special charge of the Misses Drs. Blackwell, and it holds to the old-school practice; but the Eclectic and the Medical College for Women represent the new-school.

Both institutions have dispensaries attached to them, and every advantage of procuring a full course of instruction is offered.

It is absurd for a woman, however, to attempt the study of medicine unless she has most decided proclivities for it, and has taken especial delight in doctoring and nursing from her earliest youth, while the study of anatomy is also all-engrossing to her.

As nurses, women are usually preferred, and in nearly all cases receive very high pay. A monthly nurse of high repute can make $20 per week throughout the year, and there is always a demand for nurses for the sick at from $2 to $3 per day. To become a good nurse, however, requires some natural abilities; one must be very patient, very kind-hearted, gentle, etc., and it requires some study to become an efficient, capable, agreeable nurse.

As a general rule, monthly nurses are not the most agreeable companions, and frequently breed discord in the domestic arrangements of families by meddling with their servants, etc.

The Society of Friends systematically educate women to pursue the occupation of nursing, and a regular school has been established in New York, while persons wishing to become good nurses can attend the lectures of the New York Medical College by paying $15 for each full course. There is no position in life in which a true woman can do more efficient service than by fitting herself for this duty, and the women who embrace the Catholic faith have in the order of Sisters of Charity fully demonstrated their knowledge of this fact.

Our space fails us to speak upon the professions of Telegraphy, Journalism, Phonography, etc., but in another article we will allude to them, as we feel a special interest in inducing our sex to fit themselves for some occupation in life. We urge them not to be willing to fold their hands and sigh over having *nothing to do*.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

Biographical Sketches.

CARLOTA.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

The Princess Maria Charlotte Amelia Auguste Victoire Clementine Leopoldine is the daughter of Leopold I., king of Belgium, and Isabella d'Orleans, princess of France. The mother of the Princess Carlota was called the Holy Queen. Carlota—for she is generally known by her second name—was born at the palace of Laeken, near Brussels, on June 7, 1840.

The life of the little princess and her two brothers was not gay. Their mother was a rigid disciplinarian, and court etiquette rarely allowed them to share the sports of children of their own age; but the queen's apparent severity arose from her love, and when she died in 1850, the young princess was almost broken-hearted. From the time of this bereavement she was more grave and less childlike than even royal children are wont to be at her age. At the age of sixteen she was permitted to attend the court-balls; but only four times a year at those given by the king. She was beautiful. We copy the following description of her personal appearance from Mr. Hall: "Her stature was tall, majestic, not haughty; graceful in carriage; and with her air of majesty there was mingled a gentleness and mildness of disposition that won and attracted all who chanced to meet her. Her face is oval; complexion bright and readily flushed; her nose is a little aquiline; her mouth is pretty, and beneath her rosy lips is a set of regular, pearl-white teeth; her eyes are not large, but very bright, and when she becomes excited they flash like fire. She has a heavy head of hair, of a beautiful dark, auburn shade."

She possessed intellectual powers of a high order, and her constant association with persons who were much her seniors, was calculated to give her mind a graver and deeper tone. She spoke and wrote several languages with facility, and her book, written in French,—"A Voyage to Madeira"—bears the impress of a highly-cultivated mind. At the age of seventeen she became the wife of the Archduke Maximilian.

Her marriage was happy. A perfect union in heart and thought appears to have existed between the youthful pair. It is said that to her sagacious counsel a part of Maximilian's success in his governorship in Italy was due.

When Carlota became Empress of Mexico, her good qualities shone with redoubled lustre. Her charity was not bounded by color or race. The Indians especially were cared for by her. She was always eager to aid the cause of education; she visited prisons, hospitals and the poor, and whatever may be our opinions of her husband's administration, we cannot help admiring the disinterested and womanly conduct of the young empress.

The Castle of Chapultepec was Carlota's favorite residence. It is about two and a half miles from the City of Mexico. It stands on elevated ground, and is shaded by trees that have stood since the time of Montezuma. Here she spent the most of her time; but her life was not one of luxurious idleness.

It was her habit to rise every morning at half-past six. At seven she generally took exercise on horseback. Between eight and nine she attended mass. After having breakfasted, she visited the needy or performed some business belonging to her position as president of the Society of Charity. She marked with a pencil any article in the newspaper which she thought might be of importance to the emperor. She delighted in horticulture, and the beautiful Paseo, or pleasure-ground, of the capital owes everything to her taste and generosity.

On ordinary occasions the empress dressed with remarkable simplicity, but at court-receptions she usually wore a rich white-satin dress, trimmed with gold and brilliants; a purple-velvet mantle bordered with gold, a diadem of brilliants, and other valuable jewels. Blue and white seem to have been her favorite colors.

There were numerous ladies of honor attached to the empress; only two of these received salaries. The principal lady-in-waiting was Senorita Josefa Varela, who is descended from Montezuma, and on this account was selected for the position.

In 1865, the empress made a tour through Yucatan. Her road was marked with acts of charity, and it is probable that the welcome she received in that province was intended more for the woman than the empress. There were many Americans employed by the railroad company near Orizaba. The empress requested to see them; but dress-coats were not remarkably plenty in that region—at least not among the railroad employés—so they came to the conclusion that they had "nothing to wear." Hearing of this the empress said, "Tell them to come without fine clothes."

Soon after her return from Yucatan, she received the sad tidings of her father's death. On the 8th of July, 1866, she started on a confidential mission from her husband to Louis Napoleon. At Rio Frio, Carlota and Maximilian parted—never to meet again in this life. The object of her journey was to induce the French Emperor to assist Maximilian with men and money. Her prayer was refused; her husband's position was extremely critical, and at the thought that she was powerless to aid him, her reason gave way. Her physicians, however, attributed her insanity to poison. In 1866, the emperor received a letter which stated that the empress had been poisoned at Cuernavaca. The lady who wrote the letter appeared to be certain of the truth of her statement, although she omitted to sign her name. It was asserted that the juice of the tree called *palo de leche* had produced Carlota's insanity. The Mexicans were accused of having administered it; but their journals indignantly repudiated the charge, and cast it upon Napoleon or Bazaine.

The first indications of her insanity were observed at Bolzen. During the early part of her stay in Rome, she appeared to be as well as usual both physically and mentally. She received the corps diplomatique, and addressed the visitors in their respective languages. A few days later, she asserted that several of her suite had been bribed by Napoleon to poison her. She visited the Pope, and at the close of the audience, refused to leave the apartment, saying that she was safe only in the Vatican from being poisoned. She remained there all night on the sofa in company with Senora Estrada y Barrio, the Minister of State Castillio, and Chamberlain Barrio. She returned to her hotel the next morning, but refused to eat anything except what she saw prepared by a servant in whom she had confidence. She took a jar to a public fountain and filled it with water, which she conveyed to her apartment.

She was placed in care of Dr. Bulkens, superintendent of the insane, at the celebrated establishment of Gheel. She was taken to the picturesquely-situated castle of Tervueren, near Brussels. Her malady at times found vent in violent ravings. She was aware of her husband's death, and was inconsolable on account of his absence. She imagined that his decease was caused by sickness. In her moments of calmness, her resignation was very touching.

An eminent physician has asserted that her recovery is not entirely hopeless, though as yet reason has not returned to its abandoned throne; but poor Carlota, even in her wildest ravings, never forgets the husband whom she so tenderly loved.

LOST AND FOUND.

Stories of children stolen by Indians, growing up among them, and only learning the truth from death-bed confessions years after, are not infrequent, but they are not always reliable. The Montreal Gazette gives a narrative of the kind which shows truth to be stranger than fiction. It appears that thirty years ago a little child, the son of a Quebec carpenter named Richards, mysteriously disappeared, and constant efforts made for his recovery were of no avail, no clue being discovered as to his fate or whereabouts. A few weeks ago the lost boy was discovered in a singular manner. A gentleman coming to Montreal on business, entered the store of a hatter named Richmond, and in the course of conversation remarked that he bore a striking resemblance to the Richards family of Quebec. After awhile Richmond told the strange story of his life, from which it appears that he had been stolen by an Indian squaw, whom he had been taught to love as his mother, and who had confessed, on her death-bed, that he was not her son. The name of the family from which he had been stolen was, as near as he could remember, Richmond. With the slight clue afforded by the squaw's confession he set about discovering his parents, but, as might have been expected, without success; and it was only by the timely discovery of a stranger of his resemblance to the Richards family, that he was restored, after thirty years, to those who had given up all hope of ever seeing him again.

From the Galaxy.

Distribution of the Sexes.

In numbers, the two sexes are very nearly equal in the United States: males 19,493,565—females 19,064,806; but the distribution is not even. The greatest excess of males is found in Idaho, 12,184 to 2,815 females; Montana, 16,771 to 3,824; Wyoming, 7,219 to 1,899; and Nevada, 32,379 to 10,112. Females are in excess in Alabama, 504,560 to 482,450; District of Columbia, 61,287 to 54,159; Georgia, 600,856 to 572,126; Louisiana, 336,345 to 328,743; Maine, 290 600 to 287,434; Maryland, 355,246 to 342 236; Massachusetts, 568,180 to 535,852; New Hampshire, 147,698 to 140,991; New Jersey, 363 668 to 353,185; and New York, 1,647 214 to 1,597,192. Virginia, Vermont, Tennessee, both Carolinas, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Mexico show a like excess of female population. In Utah there are more males than females—28,994 to 27,090.

What's in a Kiss?

What's in a kiss? Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can they see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part—and the job is complete! There is a kiss in the abstract! View it in the abstract—take it as it stands—look at it philosophically! What is there in it after all? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet, when you look into the character of the thing, it is simply a pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what country you will, and you are perfectly sure to find kissing. There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss, and we devoutly hope that it may never go out of fashion!

Cutting it Short.

There is said to be a very precise and methodical young lady in one of the interior towns, who divides her time up with the utmost exactness. For instance, she allows just so much time for eating, so much for visiting, so much for reading, &c., and on no account suffers herself to deviate from her rules. If she has a visitor, she says, looking at her watch, "Now, I have just ten minutes to see you in without infringing upon my time for meditation." A friend called not long ago to relate to her the sad particulars of the death of her much-beloved grandmother. The methodical young lady was affected to tears, but didn't forget her time-card. She drew forth her watch at the most touching point in the story, and begged her friend to cut it short, as in four minutes and twenty-two seconds she must practice with her dumb-bells.

DRY ROT.—Charles Dickens said that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met, to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

☞ NEVER show that you suspect, nor accuse till you have found that your suspicion was well founded.

☞ MEN magnify trifles till they are frightened at them.

"SUNSHINE IN THE RAIN."

BY J. F. WALLER.

"Look out, look out, my little maid;
The rain is falling fast,
And all the sky with gathering shade
Of cloud is overcast."
"Oh! mother dear, big drops I hear
Beat on the window-pane,
But in the sky a light I spy
Of sunshine in the rain."

The clouds rolled by, out broke the rays,
Gilding athwart the shower,
Setting the rain-drops all a-blaze
Like pearls on leaf and flower.
"Oh! mother dear, the heaven is clear,
The sky is blue again,
The air is bright with jewelled light
Of sunshine in the rain."

The ripening years passed o'er the maid
Since that sweet summer-tide;
The girl is now a matron staid,
With children by her side.
When round her life the clouds grow rife
Of sorrow and of pain,
She knows from Heaven that light is given
Like sunshine in the rain.

THE CUBAN PATRIOT;

OR,

THE PILOT AND THE SPY.

A STORY

Founded upon the romantic realities of the present bitter struggle in "The Gem of the Antilles."

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEARL THE YACHT," "THE MASKED SPY," "THE SURF ANGEL," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul.
—*Shakspeare's Richard III.*

Noel Dunbar was not long in overtaking with his shattered forces the pack-mules that had gone on in advance; but that he had to leave his severely wounded uncared for and his dead unburied caused him great distress, for well did he know, as does every man who has fought under the lone-star flag of Cuba, that the wounded must die an awful death, and the dead be treated with every indignity, when Spaniards are met in battle.

By forced marching the little party of patriots soon reached the first line of the Cuban pickets, and from there until they reached the fortified camp there was one cry of joy, for the arrival of arms and stores, with a few brave volunteers to cast in their lot with theirs, was no common affair to the army of Cespedes.

Major Dunbar was the hero of the day, and every officer and man pressed forward to shake his hand.

"Then I did not bestow those commissions unworthily," said President Cespedes, when Noel Dunbar had made known to him the part taken in the landing by Leon, seconded by Itervan and the planter-band of heroes.

"Indeed you did not; Delmont is hand-and-glove with all the Spanish officers, and they really believe he is of service to them; but I have been thinking of a little plan, Senor President, that I believe I can safely execute."

"Name it, sir, and you shall make the trial."

"Thanks, señor, but it will take me some weeks to prepare, for it is to pick my men, arm and mount them well, and by night make an attack on the Spanish position on the coast.'

"First, you will make a conjunction with Delmont's force."

"Yes, señor; for upon him would I have to rely for the success of the plan."

"You can go at once and select your men; and, señor, allow me to inform you that your rank is now that of a colonel in the patriot army of Cuba."

Noel Dunbar bowed his thanks to his chief, and quitting the tent went among the troops to select his complement of men for the dangerous enterprise in view.

After the duel on the coast, Colonel Alvarez determined to return to his own quarters in the camp, rather than to Seaside Rest, feeling that the circumstance when known would be unpleasant to the ladies.

Hence upon the evening of the day that Captain Pancho fell in the *duello*, Leon Delmont, his mother and Faustine were again alone in their home.

It was the first time for many weeks that the senora had been blessed by the society of her devoted children, without there being others present, and she was happy in their company; and yet, above the horizon of her joy arose a dark cloud, for Leon, feeling assured that he could fully trust his mother and sister in the matters so nearly concerning himself, had been making known to them the important part he was then playing in the stirring actions around them.

Senora Delmont was a true woman, and a practical one, and entered into the schemes of her son with full ardor; and yet she could not but feel a dread of evil, and bitterly regret that their unhappy island was engaged in a cruel war with the mother country; a country, which instead of nurturing her offspring with kindness, was heaping every indignity upon it.

While the three sat thus talking and enjoying the beauty of the evening, a light step suddenly was heard upon the verandah, and in a moment more the tall form of a Spanish officer stood in the doorway.

Leon instantly arose, but the stranger advancing toward him, motioned him to silence, and removing a wig of black hair, and a dark mustache, the handsome, boyish face of Noel Dunbar was revealed.

"What, you here, and thus disguised? why it would be death to you were you discovered."

"Well do I know that, Captain Delmont, yet I play daily with death; but I have come to see you," returned Noel.

"Then permit me to order refreshments, and, I beg pardon, Major Dunbar, this is my mother and sister."

Both ladies arose and warmly extended their hands, for the name of the gallant young officer was well known to them.

"You have risked much, señor, thus to enter the enemy's camp," said the senora.

"I have volunteered in the service of Cuba, Senora Delmont, and hence, if need be, my life is hers," answered Noel, as he glanced from the mother into the lovely eyes of Faustine and felt his heart give a throb, as if his inmost soul was stirred at the sight of such womanly beauty.

"Here, Captain Delmont, are papers of an official character sent you by the president, and we need to act immediately," continued the young officer in a more serious mood.

Leon broke the seal and glancing over the contents, his face lighted with pleasure, and extending his hand he said:

"I am to congratulate you, *Colonel* Dunbar, you well deserved the promotion."

Continuing his reading, the young man's face flushed as he remarked—

"Mother, the president has seen fit to promote me to the rank of major for my 'late valuable services,' as he terms them—ha! some one is coming, quick, Dunbar—"

Immediately following his words, the door opened, and Captain Moreno, having now recovered from his wounds, entered the room.

"Ah! do I intrude?" he asked, and stood as if about to withdraw.

"Come in, Captain Moreno, my mother and sister you have met; but permit me to present to you Colonel Aguero, of Havana."

The instant Leon had spoken of a step approaching, Noel had replaced his wig and mustache, and at the introduction he stepped forward, and extending his hand to the Spanish officer, said pleasantly—

"Have I the honor of meeting Captain Don Felipe Moreno, whose deeds in the island have become so far-famed?"

"The same, señor, 'replied the Spaniard, delighted with the compliment, for his *deeds*, which had made him a brute in Cuban eyes, had but raised his character in the eyes of his Spanish friends.

Being seated, the conversation became general for awhile, though somewhat constrained on the part of Senora Delmont and Faustine, when Captain Moreno said—

"Pardon me, I had nearly forgotten: Senor Delmont, the colonel bade me ride over and ask if you would go out and discover what you can make of the ship in the offing."

"There is a vessel off the bay, then? strange I had not discovered it."

"Yes, she is standing off and on."

"Then perchance I may take this opportunity to discover the whereabouts of the naval officer whom I desire to see," remarked the disguised Noel.

"Whom may he be, senor?" asked Captain Moreno.

"His name is Enrique Pancho, the commander of the Mora."

For a moment there was a silence, and then the Spaniard again spoke—

"Colonel Aguero, I regret to inform you that the man you seek is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, he fell in a duello only this morning."

"Then is my mission a useless one, and I must return to Havana, for it was a private matter I desired to see the deceased upon."

"Will you not accept the hospitalities of my regiment for the night."

"No, thanks, captain, I must be off at once."

Asking Leon to make known to the colonel as soon as possible the discovery he made regarding the strange sail in the offing, Captain Moreno took his departure.

Hardly had the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, when, springing up, Noel said quickly:

"Now I must hesitate no longer; Major Delmont: I have some three miles from here two hundred picked men, and to-night I must make an attack upon the encampment of the Spaniards.

"In this disguise I sought you to discover fully their whereabouts, numbers and other important information, and to ask you to aid me, but I have reason to believe that the sail in the offing is another patriot vessel, so it behooves you to look to that."

Leon hastily gave the American all the desired information, and then, with wishes of God-speed, he took his departure, while the young master of Seaside Rest went to his room to make preparations to board the vessel, which could be indistinctly seen some two miles from land.

Mounting his horse, Noel Dunbar rode away, his thoughts more upon the lovely maiden he had just left and the warm grasp of her little hand at parting, than the perilous work before him; for it must be admitted the young volunteer American was most susceptible when the dark-eyed Cuban daughters made him a target for their admiring and languishing glances.

In the shadow of the gateway Noel discovered the form of a horseman, and the quick click of his pistol proved that he was ready to meet either friend or foe.

"It is I, señor, Captain Moreno."

"Oh, captain, pardon my warlike attitude, but you know in these days one must treat every man as an enemy until he proves himself a friend."

"True; I waited for you, señor, to have a few words with you. Can I ask if you are a friend of the Delmonts?"

"Never met the ladies before to-night," answered Noel, evasively.

"Then I can speak freely, and I will. I have reason to believe that Leon Delmont is a Cuban sympathizer, and in fact a spy in the interests of the insurgents."

"Surely you do not mean it?'

"I do indeed, but my colonel treats him differently, and this morning, in the affair with Pancho, young Delmont acted as the second of Alvarez. Just think of it, asking a Cuban to be his friend, rather than myself, an officer of his regiment!" and Captain Moreno seemed really hurt that his eyes had lost thereby the opportunity to gloat upon human blood and the misery of his fellow-man.

"It was strange, and I should think in a deed of blood you would be the most fitting of the two to call upon," answered Noel.

The Spaniard hesitated, for he was flattered, and yet there was a doubt in his mind as to whether he had received a compliment or not; but in a moment he continued:

"Now you are returning at once to Havana, and I wish you would report my suspicions to the captain-general, and endeavor to obtain from him the permission for me to arrest Delmont, and—"

"Captain, you are really most entertaining; so much so, that in fact both of us overlooked the fact that you had passed the road leading to your regiment; hence I must beg your society still further on my way. *Attempt to escape and you are a dead man.*"

At these latter words Noel placed a pistol to the Spaniard's head, who saw in the face of the man before him that he would carry his threat into execution.

"This is a joke!" he muttered in surprise and fright.

"Yes, and the laugh is all on my side. Captain Moreno, you are my prisoner."

Words are inadequate to express the feelings of the Spaniard at this sudden turn in the tide of affairs in his life, and unable to speak, he remained in dogged silence as the captor and captive rode along together.

"Captain, it will be a nice story to go to your friends that you have deserted your colors and gone over to the enemy, and I will see that your acts get full credit, for your career as an officer has disgraced the name you bore as a gentleman, and I am really surprised I do not now blow your brains out—"

"Mercy!"

"Mercy—dare *you* ask for that which is foreign to your nature? Let me recall, as we ride along, a page or two of your past life.

"Do you remember when a few years ago you came to my native land, free America, to pass a few months in travelling, that as the guest of my father you had free *entree* into society, and wooed and won my only sister, the pride of our house—"

"Oh, God! tell me, are you little Noel Dunbar?"

"I am Noel Dunbar, *then* little Noel, *now* a man, determined to bring revenge upon one who brought ruin upon my once happy home, where a few years ago dwelt my parents, my sister and myself, in happiness and in luxury.

"Listen to me, Felipe Moreno! You married my sister—*married her*, did I say? No, *you deceived her*, for already were you a married man.

"Believing herself happy in your love, she went with you to Europe, and there she learned the awful truth, your own wife came and told her all; deserted by you, destitute and outcast, she was thrown upon the streets of Paris, for she would not return home a dishonored thing, and two years ago she died by her own hand in a foreign land, and found a pauper's burial.

"Two of those who loved their darling sunk soon after into an eternal rest; one of that once happy quartette in that old Maryland home now has you in his power."

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the wretched man; but unheeding the cry, Noel Dunbar rode sternly on, his eyes constantly fixed upon his captive with a threatening look of the bitterest hatred.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE AMBUSCADE.

And what is this splendor that dazzles the sight,
Of what are the minions of tyranny proud?
'Tis a gleam that but deepens the horror of night,
'Tis a lightning that flashes from slavery's cloud.
—*Anon.*

The two men had nearly reached the secluded spot where Noel had left his command, when suddenly they heard a dull, rambling sound coming along the road, that they both recognized as troops on the march.

Colonel Dunbar, still disguised as a Spaniard, felt assured that Captain Moreno really believed him to be in the service of Spain, and determined not yet awhile to inform him to the contrary. He said:

"Are you aware of any military movements on hand, Captain Moreno."

"None particularly. Yes, we expect reinforcements," he added, after a pause.

"From the western district?"

"Yes, sir?"

"These are, then, your reinforcements on the march. Come with me, sir, into this thick underbrush, and, mind you, I would not be discovered, so if you, by word or act attract the attention of the troops, you seal your death-warrant."

Thoroughly cowed by the determined manner of his captor, the Spaniard accompanied Noel into a secure hiding-place, where they could remain free from observation, and at the same time discover all that was passing by in the road.

Taking up their positions, their horses almost abreast, though the steed of the patriot's was slightly in advance, they awaited the coming of the troops, whose tramp was now distinctly heard.

Nor had they long to wait, for soon around a bend appeared a small body of mounted men, followed by a company of infantry.

Behind them came two pieces of artillery, one evidently a mountain-howitzer, the other a cannon of heavier calibre, and following was another detachment of infantry, with a few horsemen bringing up the rear.

"Thirty cavalrymen, two pieces of artillery, with some twenty gunners, and about two hundred footmen, I should say. What was to be the strength of your reinforcements, sir?" and Noel turned toward his companion, but with astonishment discovered he could nowhere be found.

"Strange, his horse still stands beside me. Yes, he slipped off over his hind-quarters while I was counting the troops. Curses light on you, Felipe Moreno, for we shall yet meet again: but I must away from here—yes, I'll do it." And leading the Spaniard's horse with him, the young officer dashed away in the direction he had first been going.

A ride of a few minutes brought him to a narrow gorge leading from the road, and into this he turned to find himself in the midst of a group of horsemen.

"Well, Otto," he said to a Cuban who met him, and whom the reader will recognize as the young planter who had acted as his guide upon the march from the sea to the mountains.

"Is all ready, colonel? for the men are growing impatient."

"Yes, they will have work in a few moments. I have changed my plans regarding the attack on the regiment of Colonel Alvarez, for in a short time the coast reinforcements will pass here, marching at ease, in a straggling column, and I am anxious to gain possession of a brass howitzer they have with them."

"We are to ambush them?"

"Yes, Otto! I will lead the charge with fifty men, and cut my way right to the gun; then you follow with a hundred more, and let Ryan bring up the reserve; and I believe we can demoralize the entire force."

"How many are there?" asked the Cuban.

"Between two hundred and fifty and three hundred."

"Then we have the advantage, for we are in ambuscade;" said the person whom Colonel Dunbar had spoken of as Ryan, and who was a tall soldierly-looking American, who had thrown in his fortunes with Cuba, as one of her volunteer defenders.

"We have!—Hark! here they come. Stand firm, men, and follow me!"

With a yell that struck terror to many a Spanish heart, the squadron of horse darted from out their covert hiding-place straight upon the foe, and the darkness became illumined with the quick flashes of firearms, and the air reverberated with the clash of steel and the war-cry of the assailants.

Driven back by the onset, the Spanish horsemen retreated upon the infantry, who in turn were pressed upon the artillery are they could be rallied by their officers.

But they could not long hold their position against the furious charge of the patriots, who, following their daring leader, urged their frightened horses over the human barricade into the midst of the *melee*, where the fight became fierce and sickening in its fury.

Horse and rider went down, footmen were trampled under iron hoofs, skulls were clove in by keen blades, and bosoms pierced by leaden messengers of death, that choked back the shriek of agony and cry of mercy.

The scene in the road was as bright as noonday, but around the fiery circle was a belt of darkness, impenetrable to the eyes of those revelling within the mad carnage of man's inhumanity to man.

From out of this dark circle into the glare of the combat, suddenly pressed the remainder of the Spanish infantry, and their aid soon drove back the patriots under the command of Noel Dunbar, who finding his men were being slain by numbers, called out above the din, his voice ringing:

"Ho! for the lone star!"

A wild yell, as if from the throats of demons answered his call, and Otto Goiscura with his horsemen forced themselves from out the darkness into the lighted area, and savage indeed was then the battle.

But still the Spaniards would not desert their guns or be driven from the field, and the ringing orders of their officers cheered them on, for Spain's best troops, her heroes of many a hard-fought battle, rallied then, and were determined to do or die.

And their valor cost the Cubans sore, for many a son of the soil, of that lovely "isle of the sea," there sunk to stain his mother earth with his best heart's-blood; and many a wail went up over the land of Cuba and the valleys of far-away Spain, for the lost ones that that night fell in the Battle of the Ambuscade.

Again a triumphant cry echoed far and wide from the Spaniards, and into the battle front dashed the cavalry rear-guard, only a handful of men 'twas true, but sufficient to add new courage to their struggling comrades, and to cause them once more to press forward with savage determination to beat the Cubans back.

Manfully did Colonel Dunbar fight in many a hand-to-hand encounter, and cheerily did his commanding voice ring above the mad uproar, as he endeavored to cut his way toward the cannon, which several times had been turned upon his men with terrible effect; but at length a fear seized him that after all he might be defeated, and he again called to his men to rally around him.

With a wild shout as his reserve under Señor Ryan came on, the drooping courage of the patriots revived, and in wild madness they cut their way forward to the gun, Noel being the first one to lay his hand upon the longed-for trophy, and in despair the Spaniards turned from the field in full retreat, carrying with them the larger cannon, which Noel, knowing it would be useless in the mountains, determined not to sacrifice more men to capture.

It was a hard-won victory, but yet to the struggling patriots the result was worth the cost, for it taught their haughty foes that they could strike a severe blow when there was need.

Hardly had the results of the victory been gathered, when a scouting party returned with the information that the Spaniards had been reinforced by the regiment under Colonel Alvarez, who had been drawn thither by the sound of battle.

Feeling that, in the shattered state of his command, he could not meet fresh troops, Noel Dunbar ordered an immediate retreat, and having seen his men in safety from pursuit, he again donned his Spanish disguise, which before the engagement he had disrobed himself of, and leaving Ryan to conduct the squadron back to the encampment, for poor Otto Goiscura had fallen upon the field, he turned his horse about, and set out once more for the valley which he had just left, to endeavor to discover some trace of the man whom he swore to hunt down, even though he lost his life in the attempt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Love
Has lent life's wings a rosy hue;
But, ah! Love's dyes were caught above;
They brighten—but they wither too.
—*Willis's Poems.*

Shortly after the departure of Noel Dunbar from Seaside Rest, Leon left the mansion, and the Señora and Faustine were alone.

"Well, my daughter, what do you think of the gallant young American, who has volunteered in the service of Cuba?" and Señora Delmont turned to Faustine, who started, colored violently and stammered—

"He—is—very—handsome."

The maiden had been thinking of Noel when her mother's words broke in upon her thoughts.

"True, he is exceedingly handsome, and noble indeed he must be thus to risk his life in our cause."

"Yes, mother, he runs fearful risks, for Leon says he has been in disguise in Havana; but how coolly he behaved when that hateful Captain Moreno was here. I declare my heart stood still."

"Yes, I confess I was myself greatly troubled; but we live now in an age when every true lover of Cuba's freedom must carry his life in his hand."

"I wish our suffering country had a few more such brave men as Colonel Dunbar and Leon."

"Do you not include Itervan? Have new faces caused you to forget old friends?" half-reprovingly asked the señora.

The rich blood again tinted the lovely face of Faustine, but she quietly answered,

"No, mother, I do include Itervan, but—but—"

"But what?"

"I do not know, mother."

Señora Delmont arose and left the room without replying, and Faustine was alone with her thoughts.

"Am I fickle, am I heartless, thus to feel a change? No, it is but a fancy for him, and the sight of dear, good Itervan will drive his image from my heart."

But the maiden was mistaken, for at that moment the servant announced the young Cuban, and for the first time in her life Faustine was not glad to see him, and greeted him almost with coldness.

"Señorita, I am told that Leon has gone out in his pilot-boat to visit a vessel in the offing," said Itervan as he seated himself.

"Yes, and I would like to go out upon the cliff and see if we can discover his sail, for 'tis not too dark, I think."

"No, the very thing. With pleasure will I go with you," answered the young man, while his eyes fell upon the maiden's face with a most loving gaze.

Arm-in-arm they left the mansion, and strolled away in the direction of the cliff in silence, for Faustine cared not to talk, her thoughts were busy, while Itervan was wondering in his heart at her marked coldness toward him.

Arriving upon the edge of the bold headland they turned their eyes seaward, and miles away discovered the large vessel, apparently lying to, while ever and anon they caught a glimpse of a tiny white sail which they knew must be Leon's boat.

"He is heading for the ship. I hope danger lies not in his path," muttered, rather than spoke Faustine.

"I hope he may escape all dangers," returned Itervan.

"What if it should be the Tampa?" suddenly said the maiden, and her face paled at the thought.

"I trust it is not the Tampa;" and then, turning toward Faustine, Itervan continued: "you are cold toward me to-night, have I offended?"

"No."

"Are you in no way piqued with me?"

"No."

"Oh, Faustine, if I believed that you did not love me, I would wish to die."

"Why, Itervan, you never told me you loved me," said the sweet little hypocrite, in a tone of injured innocence.

"*Told* you I loved you, Faustine, *told* you! Why, has not my every action proved it?"

This was a home-thrust, for well did the lovely Cuban know that the youth loved her, and she had to confess that her actions toward him had been far from indifferent.

But, to defend my heroine from the sin of heartless coquetry, I will say that she did not know her own heart, and among the gentlemen she had met, Itervan was the handsomest and most agreeable, besides being the most intimate friend of her brother, so that she had gradually allowed herself to imagine she cared for him.

But then a change came o'er the spirit of her maiden dream, when a man in every way the superior of Itervan crossed her path; he was totally the opposite of the Cuban, and, though an American and a stranger, she determined not to allow her lover longer to consider that she cared for him.

"You have been most attentive to me, Itervan, and are most dear to me, for I love you next to Leon."

"Faustine, I do not wish you to love me as you do Leon; it is not a sister that I want, but—*a wife.*"

"That can never be between you and me, Itervan."

"Never?"

"I repeat it, never!"

The young man bowed his head upon his hands, and his whole frame shook with emotion, causing the pearly tear-drops to glitter in the maiden's lustrous eyes, but they were pitying tears, not those of love.

How strange is the nature of woman! A few hours before, and the deep grief of Itervan Alveute would have hurt Faustine to the soul; but now, though she sorrowed for his sorrow, she felt that her heart had not really been touched by love's dart, shot from the eyes of the young Cuban, and though Noel Dunbar had met her but once, he ruled her destiny.

"Do you love another?" suddenly flashed forth the jealous inquiry, and the dark eyes glittered with a threatening light.

"You have no right to ask me, Itervan."

"Ha! it is Leandro Alvarez that you love."

"Itervan Alveute, Colonel Alvarez is the enemy of my country; but were it otherwise, he could never gain my love, though I respect him more than any other Spaniard I ever met."

"Thank God it is not he—hark!"

The sound of distant fighting suddenly broke in upon Itervan's words, and together he and Faustine listened in surprised wonder.

"What can it be? Leon did not tell me—"

"It means that Colonel Dunbar has come down into the valley, and attacked the regiment of Colonel Alvarez in their encampment!"

"Colonel Dunbar? Why I did not know—"

"No, he was here to-night, and told Leon."

"But it cannot be that, for it is not in the direction of the camp—ha! I have it, the reinforcements are expected to-night, and the patriots have fallen in with them."

"Hark! listen to their loud cries and rapid firing," said Faustine; and then she continued, as her heart sunk within her, "Come, Itervan, let us return to the mansion, for see, Leon has reached the ship."

Without a word, the young Cuban offered his arm and accompanied her as far as the verandah, where they found Señora Delmont and a number of servants gathered in a group, and listening to the rapid discharge of firearms.

"Now I will leave you, for duty calls me elsewhere; farewell."

Ere a word could be said to detain him, Itervan sprang forward toward his horse, which was awaiting him, bounded into the saddle, and dashed away at full speed down the dark avenue.

Faustine listened to the quick fall of his horse's hoofs until they could no longer be heard, and then leaning her proud head against a vine-covered column of the verandah, she burst into a flood of tears.

Moved by the deep emotion exhibited by her daughter, the señora drew her gently into the house, and bade her not dread evil, as Itervan would, she hoped, escape all injury.

"Mother, I do not weep for love of Itervan Alveute, for this night I have refused his hand.

Had one of the shells from the brass howitzer, which ever and anon they heard roar above the rattle of small arms, entered through the window and burst in their faces, Señora Delmont could not have been more shocked and startled.

"What!" she exclaimed, as soon as her returning breath found words. "You *refused* Itervan?"

"I did; not half an hour ago."

"And why?"

"Because I do not love him."

This was a *quietus*, and completely nonplussed, the fond mother arose and left the room, not entirely certain whether it was herself or daughter that was mad.

Faustine remained by the open window until the sound of combat ceased, and then with a heavy heart, sick from suspense, sank upon the divan, almost overcome with the bitter emotions that crowded upon her.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE LION'S DEN.

I tell yo all—
I am your better, traitors as yo are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's rights and mine.
—*Shakspeare's Henry VI.*

From the appearance of the heavens, and the moisture of the air, Leon Delmont felt that a storm was brewing, the evening he started, at the request of Colonel Alvarez, to go out to the ship in the offing, even though scarcely a ripple then disturbed the slumbering waters.

Calling to the faithful Dido, he informed him that he could not take him with him, as he was anxious regarding his mother and sister, and wished him to remain to look after their safety. Though sorry to give up the trip, for he ever delighted to accompany his young master, the negro readily obeyed, and alone Leon spread his light sail to the breeze and stood away to seaward.

Slowly the little craft, which was the same life-boat that Leon had gone out to the Foxhound and Spaniard in, sailed over the waters before the feeble and balmy wind, until, when within a mile of the vessel, she was discovered to be a large steamer lying motionless upon the waters, across which came the sound of hammering.

"Evidently she has broken down in her machinery," said Leon, and he put the boat closer to the wind to bring her nearer within his course.

Hardly had he sailed the length of his boat, however, when he cried quickly:

"By Heaven! 'tis the Tampa."

For an instant the hand upon the tiller wavered in hesitation, as if the patriot officer almost feared to tempt too much, but then he kept steadily on, lashing the helm firmly to keep the boat steady, and unlocking a small cabinet beneath the stern seat, a waterproof compartment was revealed, containing articles of wearing apparel.

Thus the secret is out of how Leon had changed his gray suit for a blue one, the night of the landing and attack by the regiment of Colonel Alvarez.

Selecting from the clothing the full rig of a coast fisherman, high boots, curtained hat and all, he drew them on over his light suit, and once more resumed his place at the tiller, for he was now almost within hailing distance of the Tampa.

"Ho! the sailboat!" suddenly came in hoarse tones across the waters, and disguising his voice, Leon replied:

"Ahoy!"

"Did you come out to board us?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Then come under our quarter."

In a short time more Leon Delmont stood on the quarter-deck of the Tampa, a vessel in which for years he had served as an officer, and whose every plank and rope were as familiar to him as was his own little craft alongside.

"Well, sir, what brings you aboard a Spanish man-of-war in the night-time?" asked Lieutenant Martinez, whom Leon at once recognized.

"I am sent out by Colonel Alvarez, who commands the troops on the coast; he would know if you desire a pilot?"

Before the lieutenant could reply, Captain Vanloo came up from the cabin, and at once entered into a nautical catechism regarding the coast, the harbors, the troops on that part of the shore, their commanders, and many other matters, all of which Leon answered promptly.

"Well, sir, I think I will take advantage of your being aboard to run into some secure harbor until my machinery is repaired, for in a blow a few nights since the engine broke down, and we now have only our sails to depend upon; but come with me into the cabin and point me out on the charts a near and safe anchorage."

Leon followed without a word, and as his foot left the last step he discovered Elinor Vanloo, seated upon a divan, a book in hand, but, as if tired of reading, it was half closed, while the maiden was gazing vacantly out of the cabin sternports over the rippling waters.

Controlling the emotions that rushed upon him he made a slight salute, took his stand at the table, and turned his eyes upon the charts before him.

"You may doubtless be a good pilot, my man, but I would like to see the face of the person into whose hands I entrust my ship; so be good enough to remove your bonnet," said Captain Vanloo, in an authoritative manner.

Leon hesitated a moment, and then, throwing back the folds of his hat, said firmly, while he looked the Spaniard grimly in the face:

"Captain Vanloo, I am Leon Delmont, and yet I was sent hither by Colonel Alvarez to act as your pilot."

At his first words Elinor uttered a cry half of joy, half of fear, but the next moment she sunk back upon the divan and covered her face with her hands.

"Leon Delmont," and the Spaniard spoke sternly, "you may deceive Spain's officers ashore, but those on the sea know you for a traitor. Never would I entrust my ship into your hands, until I saw some act of loyalty to your country, which I could believe you were honest in. No, sir, you escaped me once before, and I believed you ere this food for the fishes; and now, having placed yourself in the lion's den, you must not murmur if you are bitten."

"Father, Señor Delmont comes an accredited pilot, from one of Spain's commanders," and Elinor arose and faced her father, while her eyes flashed with anger.

"Hold your tongue, Elinor. I did not bring you with me to command my ship, or tell me my duties; this man is a traitor, and—"

"He saved my life at the risk of his own—"

"Any bold seaman would have done that—"

"My father was on deck at the time, and he never made the daring attempt," and the scorn in Elinor's face made the Spaniard turn pale with rage, and his brow grew darker as she continued—

"Yes, and he nobly risked his life, and saved this ship and crew from an awful doom; out upon your boasted Spanish chivalry; if injustice and utter contempt of honor are chivalry, I want none of it."

"Elinor, my daughter, are you mad? Remember you address your father;" half commanded, half entreated the Spaniard.

"True, you are my father; thank God the unworthiness of the relationship is not on my side. Father, Captain Vanloo, will you release this man, and let him go free?"

"Never! I have no idea of relinquishing a revenge I have long awaited, and—"

"You will revenge yourself upon him for saving your life—"

"Hush, Elinor."

"I will not, father; in this you are influenced, not by your own sense of honor and justice, but by the spirit of that vile Urban Fanchon—"

"Hold! do you forget that poor Urban now lies yonder, hovering between life and death?"

"What! does he yet live?" eagerly asked Leon, who had thus far been a silent but intensely-interested listener to the conversation between father and daughter.

"What do you know of this matter, sir?" sternly asked Captain Vanloo, turning upon the youth.

Not assured but that the Spaniard was fully acquainted with the particulars of the duel, for he believed that Señor Sanchez had made them known, and unwilling to prevaricate, Leon returned,

"I supposed you had been informed that Lieutenant Fanchon and myself met in the *duello*."

"What! *you*, you, Leon Delmont, slew my best friend, Urban Fanchon?" almost shrieked Captain Vanloo.

"You just said that he was not dead. Your officer came ashore as the second of Captain Pancho of the Mora, and I, acting for Colonel Alvarez, was grossly insulted; I resented it, we fought and your friend fell."

"Oh, God!" suddenly exclaimed Elinor, and startled by her exclamation and looks, Leon turned and beheld coming into the after-cabin, from the gangway leading into the ward-room, a form that sent a thrill of horror to his heart.

With a sheet thrown loosely around his form, for he had just arisen, his face ghastly white, and eyes wild and staring, came Urban Fanchon, clutching firmly in his right hand a huge cutlass, and directing his steps toward Leon, who quietly awaited his approach.

"I have come for vengeance—you shall die!" said the wounded officer as he tottered, rather than walked, forward.

"Back, Urban Fanchon. I would not willingly hurt a fallen man, but I'll protect my life;" and Leon drew from beneath his sea-jacket a broad and keen blade.

The Spaniard hesitated, staggered, reeled, his eyes grew glassy, the blood burst in a stream from his lips, and with a mingled groan and shriek he fell prone upon the floor—the excitement and exertion he had made had severed the cords of life.

"You have killed him," said Captain Vanloo, while Elinor again sunk back upon the divan, almost overcome.

"You have killed him, and your blood shall answer for it;" and drawing his glittering rapier, Captain Vanloo sprang upon the patriot.

Coolly Leon met the attack, the swords crossed with a deadly clash, and the next moment the Spaniard's weapon was wrested from his grasp, and Leon, placing his foot upon it, said calmly,

"Captain Vanloo, I would not dream of injuring you, for any cause."

"From my heart I thank you, Leon;" and the frightened face of Elinor looked up into the flashing eyes of the Cuban.

"Ho! the deck! Martinez, send me a guard," cried the Spanish captain, and immediately half a dozen marines rushed into the cabin, led on by the officer of the deck.

"Seize that traitor! seize him, I say, and cut him down if he resists," shouted the infuriated captain.

Leon made no resistance, but calmly submitted, and was soon bound and led away, cheered in his distress by a few loving words from Elinor Vanloo.

"Now, Martinez, let Midshipman Sanchez be placed in confinement, for he has hidden from me a most important fact; also, let me have a few men to look after the body of poor Fanchon."

Half an hour more and silence reigned aboard the Tampa, for officers and crew had once more fallen into the even tenor of their way, as soon as the excitement had passed away.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 41.)

St. Leger's Love;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF STANWIX.

A Romance of the Revolution.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALE, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CRISIS.

"We're in for it," whispered the scout during that interval of ominous quiet. "All we can do is to make the best fight possible, and take what comes."

Lionel shuddered; not from personal fear, but with horror at the thought of the dreadful fate that awaited his betrothed if the savages overpowered them. Death would, in all probability, be the portion of himself and his rough companion, but a more terrible doom might be hers.

"Oh, Edith, dear Edith!" he murmured in agony, "would that you were far from here: I would die a double death to save you from these cruel foes."

"Think not of me," she returned, tremulously but bravely. "Defend yourself and me to the last, and I will ask no more."

"There's just the ghost of a chance for us yet," spoke Beck, more encouragingly. "We're in a good strong house; the wet will prevent us being burnt out in a hurry, and help may reach us by mornin' or earlier. I never gives up while a breath is left, or I'd have gone under long ago. We'll hold out below-stairs till they're too many for us, and then we'll take to the upper rooms. If the demons once get in, it will be easier for 'em to fire the buildin', but maybe we can find a way to make that uncertain, notwithstandin'."

This then was the determination of the two men under the appalling circumstances of their situation: to resist, until resistance became hopeless, where they were; then, if they were left alive, to retreat to the upper portion of the house and continue the fight as best they could. Surrender, except for the sake of their fair companion, was not to be thought of: for immediate death or torture at the stake would be their fate, known as Beck probably was to the savages, and wearing their garb as a disguise as Lionel did. Besides, Edith's chances of mercy at the hands of the Indians would be quite as good later as now. She dreaded captivity—dreaded it even more than death—and a proposition to yield for her sake would have been strongly opposed by her.

A succession of wild ringing whoops now arose outside, cutting short the whispered consultation of the inmates of the house.

"Yes, yes, we understand," muttered the scout defiantly. "You're mighty mad, but if you don't go away and leave us alone, you'll be madder. Let me tell you, my red gents, that it won't pay to tarry here, and if you're wise you'll give your time to plunderin' where there's none to say ye nay."

"Be very careful to avoid the window, Edith," warned her lover. "They will send a volley through, doubtless, soon. Ah!"

Even as he spoke, a number of shots struck the heavy oaken shutters, but whether penetrating or not was not known. The splintering crash of the bullets was terrifying, though no object in the room appeared to have been hit.

The dwelling in which our three friends had taken refuge has not been sufficiently described to give the reader a proper idea of their position. It was one of the better class of log-built houses, having a single door front, and no other entrance except through the kitchen adjoining. There were but two rooms on the first floor, each having one window. It may well be supposed that for two men to attempt the defence of such a place against numerous assailants, was rather more than they could be expected to do successfully, even for a brief period; but it must be known that the front entrance and the window of the second apartment were already securely barricaded, as had been early ascertained by the fugitives. So attention could be chiefly given to the rear door and to the window that had been opened when they had first entered the building. Had Miss Seymour possessed a weapon she would have had sufficient nerve to use it, but a single rifle and a couple of pistols were the only firearms the besieged could command. So Edith, at the anxious solicitation of Lionel, could only crouch low so as to avoid the bullets if any should enter: though she did now and then steal to the next apartment to assure herself and her defenders that the heavily-barricaded window there had not been forced.

It was early decided to abandon the outbuilding as a point of defence, for it was a rickety structure, and by no means bullet-proof. Besides, the frightened horses were there, and if either or both of them should be wounded it would become doubly dangerous to remain. So, regretfully, on account of the poor brutes, the outbuilding was given up. The movement proved to be a wise one. One of the animals was soon wounded by the enemy, and became very uneasy, though not frantic, under the pain.

But even this resulted to the advantage of our friends, for the repeated neighs of the horses apprised the savages of the presence of such animals—which the former like sound seemed not to have done—and the fire of the besiegers was withheld from that quarter.

"They're sure of us, and they want the hosses also," said Beck, after he had assured himself that no more shots were being sent into the out-building.

"Poor brute," said Edith, pityingly. "I hope he has not been seriously hurt."

"Not bad, I think," remarked the scout. "He don't go on as if he was in mortal pain."

"How well they have served us—how well they serve us still!"

"Yes: I didn't think of it so much till just now; but them critters is better than a half-dozen men in the way of helping us."

"The savages will not fire the building, perhaps," said Edith eagerly, "while the horses are in it?"

"That's just my idee, Miss Edith. They won't fire the shed, nor they won't venture in, for fear of gettin' more of what they got before. They feel pretty sure of us, and would like to have the hosses too, as I said; so they may try mighty hard to smash through, but I'll bet my scalp—what's left of it—that they wouldn't fire this buildin' just now if they could do it without no trouble at all."

His listeners drew a long, glad breath of relief. If that terrible agency—fire—was not to be employed against them, they felt that their position could be maintained until morning, and then relief might come!

The next hour was one of suspense rather than of action to the imperilled trio. Their enemies had apparently relinquished their hostile designs for the time, devoting themselves to plundering and destroying elsewhere.

That they had succeeded in firing the sacked houses of the village was now to be seen by a bright glow that shone through the interstices of the out-building, and which could be observed from the position occupied by Beck in the door-way leading to the room in which were his companions. The crackling of the flames also soon informed our friends of what had been done.

"They've got through with their thievin'," said Beck, "and we'll soon have the whole party thunderin' around here, to finish up the business. Yes! there they come now!"

Terrific blows were now delivered against the shutters of both windows and the front door as well. As the latter was so strongly barred and blocked as to render ingress almost impossible, the two male defenders of the place stationed themselves at the windows—Beck at the nearest, and Lionel at the one in the back room—ready to fire upon the foe if the shutters should be broken. Edith watched the rear door, which was now closed and firmly secured.

The terrors of their situation can well be imagined. The blows of the assailants fell fast and heavy upon the barred windows—their yells and cries, now taking a triumphant tone, filled the night with hideous discord—the flames of the near-burning houses roared and crackled—the horses, now more affrighted than ever, neighed distressingly—and the sharp crack of rifles, discharged occasionally as if in mere wantonness, added to the appalling tumult.

"They are forcing their way in," groaned Lionel to Beck, as he saw the glare of the conflagration begin to stream through the splintered shutters.

"To the stairway, Miss Edith!" called the scout. "We'll follow you soon. We can't stay below much longer. Quick now, before the bullets come!"

With a cry of terror that she endeavored in vain to repress, the maiden did as she was directed; and at the same moment Lionel, first discharging his pistol through an opening that showed before him, abandoned his post, knowing that it was folly to remain.

Crouching low to avoid the balls that were now pouring in, he joined Edith on the stairway, as did Beck also.

"It's comin' to the p'int," said the latter, grimly. "They've one more step to drive us, and then we're done for. Well, if it's the Lord's will, I'm ready."

The savages, confident now from the few shots that had been given in return for their own, that the number of their opponents was very small, having battered the shutters of the windows completely off, leaped boldly through, and soon commenced an assault upon the door at the foot of the stairs. This quickly yielded, and then between them and their expected victims stood only a single obstacle—the second door of the stairway.

Despairing now of preserving their lives much longer, the two men counselled Edith to retire to the next room, and there await the sad result that now appeared inevitable.

"They will spare you, Edith," said Lionel, in a gasp of agony, "if you are only absent at the moment of their entrance here—they will see by the light of these burning buildings that you are a woman, and withhold the murderous stroke that Rufus and I must feel. Go, I implore you! If you remain where you are, the first blow, in the confusion and blindness of the struggle, may reach you."

She was pale, almost speechless with horror, but her brave spirit found utterance—

"I will die with you! If I were spared, for what would it be?"

Lionel groaned, but answered—

"*For my mother's sake.* Escape—ransom or release may be yours at last."

"Dishonor and death rather. I will die with you," she repeated, heroically.

The savages were furiously battering at the remaining door, and in a few moments it seemed as if it must yield.

But, suddenly, loud warning cries, entirely different from the late triumphant whoops of their enemies, fell upon the ears of the despairing ones. Their immediate assailants heard those changed and alarming cries, and as if a panic struck them, they abandoned the stairway and rushed distractedly from the house.

Our friends, with hearts beating with great painful throbs, stood and listened intently.

A rolling discharge of firearms—a ringing, charging cheer—the rush of many feet—these were what they heard.

"Rescue!" ejaculated Lionel, joyfully.

"Rescue!" repeated Edith Seymour with equal gladness.

"Res-kow!" vociferated their gallant comrade, with a preposterous accent on the second syllable of the word. "Them's the boys from down the river; I'll wager my head on that."

"Heaven be thanked!" murmured Lionel, fervently.

"I agree to that," responded Beck in his original but honest way. "And now let's see what really has happened."

It did not require a long time for the scout to descend the stairs—to make known his presence to the rescuing force—and to acquaint them with the events of the night in which he had taken part. He found not only ready sympathizers, but a great many of them, for the men who had driven off the marauding savages were none other than the troops who, under the command of Arnold, we saw commence their march for the relief of Stanwix.

A night march had been set out upon from a not distant fort immediately after the storm, in the hope of surprising a force of Indians which the scouts of Arnold's command had discovered were plundering the deserted settlements. These savages were a body, who, believing less than the majority of their comrades the startling stories told by Cuyler and other emissaries employed by the American commander, had returned upon a raid down the valley, knowing that the people had chiefly retired to the forts, thus leaving their homes defenceless. Counting upon a rich spoliation of these unprotected places, the savages paid dearly for their temerity, and the survivors, rapidly retreating, joined their more prudent friends with augmented reports of the strength of the advancing army of relief.

Thus a panic was spread among the followers of Brant, for which everything had previously been prepared by the alarming representations of Arnold's agents. The finesse of the colonel was working wonderfully well.

Edith Seymour that very night was conveyed to the fort from which the troops had marched, where every attention was bestowed upon her that her condition demanded.

Lionel did not accompany her thither, for, seeing that she was now in safe hands, his thoughts were directed toward his beloved and heroic mother. He therefore had parted from Edith on the scene and in the hour of their rescue, giving her into the care of a party who were to return to the fort. Then, obtaining a suit of clothing in place of his Indian garb, he mounted the uninjured horse and went forward with the troops.

The other animal was found to be so disabled by a bullet-wound in its flank that it could not be removed at once.

Rufus Beck of course accompanied the lieutenant. Despite his unhealed wounds, he announced himself in splendid fighting order, and as anxious to be "in" at what promised to be the final discomfiture of St. Leger.

And so Edith after her many trials and excitements found repose and safety in an as yet unthreatened stronghold. Lionel was again in the field.

And the prayer, the mighty, ceaseless prayer of each was:

"Heaven protect our beloved one! Let rescue reach her in time!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

At last St. Leger awoke from his dream—not his dream of love, but his dream of victory. Like a thunderbolt the revelation struck him. Arrogant, obstinate, over-confident and fatally neglectful as he had been—thinking more of the conquest of a heart than of the fortress that blocked his path of invasion—the terrifying, dismaying truth was forced upon him. Not that he saw that he had been made the victim of his unholy passion, for he still was blinded there. But he beheld defeat staring him in the face—Stanwix still stubborn and unbreached; dissensions raging in his camp; his Indian allies deserting him; news of the advance of a powerful body of the patriots still further demoralizing his men; and the prospect of the subjugation of the Mohawk Valley and a union with the larger army of invasion completely dispelled.

Hastening from a council of war, after a stormy consultation with his chief officers, he sought once more the society of her who had so heroically aided in bringing events to a pass so favorable to the patriot cause.

They met as they had met before; she with a soul of suffering, but a face of smiles; he with the same passionate, reverent longing, the same hopeful, fearful joy.

"You are sad to-night?" she said, inquiringly.

"I have reason to be, Margaret. You shall know all, whether it give you joy or—for my sake—pain. *The siege is to be raised;* orders are already issued for the army to retire. Ere daybreak the retreat will commence."

St. Leger looked searchingly into the paling face before him as he communicated this startling news. He saw a deathly pallor overspread it—a quivering as of pain in its firm, delicate lines—and a deep, glorious lighting of the eyes, that lasted for a moment only, but served to show the powerful inward agitation of the lady.

"The siege abandoned?" she gasped, not having known the end was quite so near.

"Yes," he said, in desperate calmness.

"God of my country! I thank Thee!" she ejaculated in her soul, almost swooning, now that her work was done.

St. Leger sprang to support her, fearing she would fall, but by a mighty effort she recovered herself, and drew her hand from his.

The act appalled him—he had misunderstood her emotion, and ascribed it to sympathy for him, born of the love he wrongly thought she bore him, though as yet in words unconfessed. A strange, hopeless pain—the first pang of real distrust—struck through him like a death-chill.

"I have lost all," he said in a tone both hoarse and hot; "all but *you*, Margaret. Tell me now, in this hour of my humiliation, that you love me. God! an awful thought comes to me. Speak, and drive it back. Tell me that you love me!"

There was a fierce, questioning, distrustful light in his eyes, and the brave woman saw that the mask she had worn must fall.

"Do you love me, Margaret?" he demanded once more, pale and trembling, and with doubt stronger in his soul.

"Love you!" she cried. "No! I have never loved you; I only pity you."

"Traitress!" he hissed, with an awful look in his face.

"Yes," she answered, unquailing before him. "A traitor to a traitor, but to my country true! You know all now."

He had drawn his sword—she had seen the flash of the bright blade in the lamplight as she spoke—and in another moment he would have slain her on the spot.

But as the weapon was uplifted a dark figure sprang from a place of concealment in a corner of the room, arrested the threatened fatal stroke, and dealt the maddened officer a blow that stretched him senseless on the floor.

"Quick! to the window!" cried the rescuer.

It was our old friend, Dr. Barton, as Mrs. Livingston saw at the first glance.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 37.)

☞ EARNESTNESS.—All great questions have been settled by men in earnest—by men who have bound a principle about their hearts which they come to regard as "part and parcel" of their being. Little, peddling, temporizing policy never yet conferred a lasting benefit upon the world.

SEA DREAMS: AN IDYL.

BY SYBIL KEIM.

Shriek, shriek—whizz, whizz! and the train is steaming down to Shell Cove. Mr. Ferdie Weir leans back in his seat, and regards his fellow-travellers with polite interest. He is later in the season than usual going to Shell Cove, and consequently no one he knows is on the train. He is a handsome, graceful young fellow, with an olive complexion, wavy dark hair, and aristocratic features. His pathetic, dreamy, Spanish eyes pale and darken as his mood changes, and are capable of great expression.

I'm heartily sorry I can't say that his dark eyes are the legacy of a fair Spanish mother, who, haply, being taken from her land of sunny idleness and purple shadows, pined for its mingled melodies until she died; but, alas! the truth must be told—they are not. He is not even a struggling genius on whom the cold world frowns; he is rich. Unromantic fact No. 2. He is, I'm afraid, rather vain of his handsome face, quietly so; but thoroughly good-hearted. Though the thought of being disfigured is painful to him, yet he would rush headlong into death and disfigurement to save any one. Perhaps there is a trifle of heroism in the breast of this butterfly (hidden from sight), which makes him able to bear all things for the sake of a friend. Some men go into their graves without ever having their true metal tried by striking against the world's flint. Ferdinand is fond of dancing, riding and flirting—he does all three beautifully—with pretty girls. Unromantic fact No. 3. This, it may be reasonable to suppose, is why he goes to Shell Cove, where charming girls, oysters and sea-sounds are plentiful.

Having forgotten to bring a novel or a paper with him, he beguiles the weary hours by listening to the scraps of conversation which he catches. The dialogue runs in this wise:

Tall girl. "Oh, no! I wouldn't part with them for *worlds*. *Some one* gave them to me."

Freckled girl. "Your—." (Conclusion inaudible.)

Black-eyed girl. "Oh, do look at those people with a bed in the field. How interesting!"

Sandy-whiskered youth (wittily). "They are going to build a house out there, so they've bought the furniture." (Delicate compliment to the industry of the natives.)

Stout old boy (poetically). "They have a high ceiling to their house."

Plump girl (gushingly). "Under the heavens!"

White-haired girl. "Come here, Georgie, and say your hymn." (Small child comes forward and repeats a hymn. Unbounded applause.)

Black-eyed girl (embracing Georgie violently). "I declare I *never* want this child to speak plainly. He lisps so *sweetly*."

Freckled girl. "Come now, and sing your song for us, lovey."

Sweet child (in a shrill voice). "I ain't a-doin' to sing in 'e 'team-tars!"

Sandy youth. "Now do sing for us, darling."

Sweet child. "'Mell my head; dot tolognе on it." After some parley he begins squeakily:—

"'There was an old man came over the hill;
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! but I won't have him—'"

The rest dies shrilly into thin air, as though some one had grasped his infant windpipe, and the sweet child sits promptly down, with a vague sense of failure.

Freckled girl (nodding to imbecile creature who grins vacantly in at the window). "Do look at Bob, Selina."

Tall girl. "How funny he looks!"

Sweet child (hopping up suddenly and staring at white-haired girl, whose cheeks are very red). "Cousin Jennie, ain't your face painted? (knowingly). Sassy to paint your face!"

White-haired girl. "Yes, sir, and *you're* 'sassy' to ask such questions."

Plump Girl. "I don't like Dickens's books much; he grows *tiresome*. I *must* confess that I *never laughed* so much before as I did at *David Copperfield*. I *love* Augusta Evans? especially *St. Elmo*. St. Elmo was *such* a *noble* character. I was *perfectly fascinated* by that book."

(Tall girl produces a yellow-covered novel, which fills Ferdie with lazy curiosity as to what its name may be, and reads aloud to a noisy audience. Ferdie catches a glimpse of the author's face on the back, and his bumpy, benevolent brow, and discovers that it is "Mad Monkton." A man in front of Ferdie takes out a pencil, and begins a letter; he turns, and Ferdie discovers that it commences: "My dear Mary," and falls into a train of reflection about "My dear Mary," and who she is.)

Ferdie (inwardly). "If I chose, I could read the whole letter: but as for changing my comfortable position—no!"

These talkative friends amuse Mr. Weir greatly, and it is with sincere regret that he sees them all get off at one station. A pensive gentleman bids a very affecting adieu to the white-haired girl (through the window). He murmurs something about "Your company—wasted otherwise—precious hours—sleep."

"Perhaps you wasted them in *my* company," says the damsel, coquettishly.

"Ahem! Primitive!" thinks Mr. Weir, with a superior smile.

The pensive gentleman's reproachful glance is violently cut short by the sudden starting of the cars, and Ferdie goes to sleep under cover of admiring the scenery. He is awakened by the jolting stoppage of the cars at Shell Cove, and picking up his valise, he walks in the direction of Seaside House. In the afternoon he is sauntering on the beach, where he meets Katie Summerson, Flossy Maynard, Sallie Keating, and a good many others; but manifestly not the person he is anxious to meet. Afar off, he spies a little figure in pink. This must be the person, for he looks pleased, and makes a rapid approach. The girl is punching reflective holes in the sand with the tip of her parasol—an occupation peculiar to womankind as a vent to their pent-up feelings.

"Good afternoon, Miss Vansittart," he says.

Berenice (for this is her name) starts and looks up. When she sees who it is, a quick light flashes into her brown eyes, making her pretty face fairly irresistible. "How you startled me," she exclaims. "But I'm so glad to see you."

"*Are* you?" he asks, with a look in his dark eyes, which makes the girl flush, and say primly:

"Of course one is always glad to see one's friends."

"Been here long?" is the next question.

"Oh! ages; you're rather late, aren't you?"

"Business, you know," says Ferdie, trying to fashion his handsome, happy-go-lucky countenance into a careworn, man-of-the-world expression, but fails in the attempt, and ends by smiling sweetly at his companion.

"Business!" Miss Berce says, with a charming air of utter incredulity. "*You* never have any business. You're a gorgeous butterfly."

"I'd be a butterfly!" he sings.

"Oh! there are Sally and Katie; I promised to take a walk with them. Aloha!" and she is gone.

Ferdie stands lost in thoughts of Berce, and a thousand other pleasant things. Berce Vansittart is poor and pretty, with no especial talent. She comes to the seashore with her sister, Mamie, who has made a good match. Berce has many admirers, and it only remains with her to "make good use of her opportunities," as Mamie says. Which means, to keep her weather-eye open, and stare fixedly at the main—chance. Of all her admirers, she likes Mr. Weir best. They are not actually engaged, but they understand one another by a hundred little signs.

"She is a perfect little darling," he thinks, looking into the rosebud face.

"He is the noblest man in the world," thinks she, with downcast eyes. The difference between the love of man and woman, is, that the man may look fearlessly into the loved one's face, and the woman may not.

Berce and Ferdie meet again on the piazza of Seaside House. Sallie, a blonde with a perfect profile, absorbs Ferdie, and Mr. Dennison falls to Berce's lot. He is a "horsey" young man, and Berce listens to his talk of "fast trotters," etc., with an interested expression; but inwardly wishing that Noah had left horses out of the ark.

"Wasn't it awfully stupid coming down, Mr. Weir?" inquires Flossy Maynard. "No one was on the train."

"You wouldn't say so, if you had been on it," replies Mr. Weir. "The artless candor with which some of the people talked was touching."

"What did they talk about?" this from Sallie.

"Everthing under the sun. There was a small child who repeated hymns, and asked his cousin if her face was painted. He was delightfully *naive*."

"He must have been rather a dangerous infant to have on the premises," interposes Katie Summerson.

"By the way," continued Ferdie, "he sang a song, commencing—

"'There was an old man came over the hill;
Heighho! Heighho! but I won't have him!'"

Mr. Jenkins, of whom it is whispered that he has "a soul above buttons," remarks, "It must have been quite exciting." He says this ironically, amazed that a rational being could have been amused by such trifles. "For my part, *I* should have pitied his parents," he adds, soothingly.

"Ah! my dear Jenkins, but you see we're not all like you—more's the pity!" Ferdie says, leaning back, and regarding "dear Jenkins" with lazily-scornful eyes.

"But, Mr. Weir," remonstrates Sallie with mock gravity; "you should always 'point a moral to adorn a tale!'"

"Quite Darwinian!" is Ferdie's brilliant answer.

"*Quel monstre!*" whispers Sallie behind her fan.

"What! am I a monster?" he asks dismally.

"Yes; of course you are; sneering so mercilessly at poor Mr. Jenkins—you wicked boy!"

"Ha! beware! Think on thy chains!" quotes the "wicked boy;" "I'm heart-broken." Maybe it is Ferdie's broken heart, but at all events he goes to Berce as quickly as possible.

"Miss Vansittart," Mr. Dennison is saying, "you should just see my new pony; he's a regular lady's horse."

"I remember you had a very pretty gray one," says Berce, smiling.

"Yes; but he was nothing to this one; he'd start at a breath. Now, my new horse is as steady as a—a rock."

"I hope not quite as immovable," says Ferdie's cool voice; "what a dear little donkey he must be!" Mr. Dennison glares at that ridiculous youth with stern contempt. Berce gives a low laugh.

Berce and Ferdie see much of each other while he stays. Once, while they are on the yellow sands, she drops her bouquet, and he, stooping to pick it up, kisses it; but unluckily, Berce turns suddenly and sees the action, and the confusion is mutual. Ferdie blushes to the very roots of his wavy hair; but Berce being a woman and more self-possessed, adroitly turns the subject.

"Different flowers," she says, as if nothing had happened, "remind one of different people. The odor of lilacs always reminds me of Mamie."

"Does it?" he inquires, recovering himself a little.

"Smell this rose," she replies, giving him one of the old-fashioned, fragrant, hundred-leaved roses. "And tell me your recollections."

"It reminds me," he says thoughtfully, doing as she bids him, "of spring-time, and of my grandmother's yard; it is a city yard, and a red rose clambers up the high board fence. In a sunny corner purple pansies are blooming. The bees are humming, and the grass is springing up between the bricks. The sunlight trembles on the hot walls opposite. A bird is singing, I know not where—" here he breaks off, flushing quickly, half ashamed of his fancies.

"That is a pretty picture. You should be a poet," says Berce.

The sun glints down upon their thoughtful faces, on the sparkling waves, the shining shells, the children at their play. Presently Flossy and Katie come along, and Berce takes Flossy's arm.

"Berce," says Flossy, "you remind me of little Hermie Halbert."

"Is she dead?" questions Berce, with a girl's quick longing for a romance.

"Yes, she's dead—poor child!—her story was a sad one—for her lover was killed."

"How sad!" sighs Berenice, looking sorry for a few moments; but life is sweet—ah! how sweet—and she cannot be sad long.

The next day Ferdie announces that he must "run up to the city, 'on business,'" but will come back soon. The first part of the intelligence causes remonstrance from the young ladies, and declarations that it's "a shame" to go away when he has only stayed a few days. The afternoon that he is going he and Berce are together listening to the "sea's listless chime." The conversation was not very brilliant, but it was pleasant to them.

"Mr. Weir, would you like to be an oyster? They are such dear, calm creatures."

"I don't know; I'm very fond of them—particularly fried," is the sentimental response.

"Goose! when will you ever grow sensible?" cries Berce, with a delightful, grandmotherly air.

"Isn't it better to be silly, if one is happiest so?" he asks, with smiling yet wistful eyes.

"One might possibly be merry and wise;" and she seats herself on a rock, while Ferdie, more humble-minded, rests on the sand.

As they talk, a man, frightfully scarred by disease, passes by, and the girl, who has a horror of such things, gives a frightened cry and clasps her white hands before her eyes.

"Are you frightened?" he asked, with a protecting gesture.

"Did you see that man's face?" she gasps.

"Is it so horrible to you? Would you loathe a person so disfigured?" he questions, looking up at her, with strange imploring eyes.

"I don't—know. I can't tell," she answers, softly.

He rises suddenly, and remarks—

"I'm afraid I'll lose the train if I don't hurry. You'll not forget me, Berce?" he asks, with meaning in his tone.

"I'd have rather a short memory in that case," says Berce, laughing lightly, as women do, to hide their feelings.

This doesn't seem altogether satisfactory, for he frowns slightly, and saying "good-bye," goes away to the station.

When Ferdie has finished his business and is just ready to return, he hears of a friend who is ill of a fever. He also hears that it is small-pox, and that his friend has no one to take care of him. "I'll go," he thinks; "but small-pox—it is dreadful! I might—" here he breaks off with an impatient gesture, as though he put some unworthy thought from him. "Thank Heaven, I'm not such a handbox as that," he adds. So he goes and takes care of his friend night and day, until he seems to be out of danger—and after that, all things grow dark to Ferdie. It seems to him, as though a fiery hand struck him into a dizzy, blinding, blood-red whirl, with gigantic wheels crushing and grinding in his brain. At last he wakes out of this night of burning dreams to the cooler morning of life. He is so feeble that he can scarcely do anything—hardly think. He knows that his hair has fallen out, but it grows again very fast.

In books they say that when people are scarred, their friends remove the mirrors from the walls, that they may not be shocked by their own hideousness. The long mirrors on poor Ferdie's walls hang unmoved; his jolly summer friends are either scared away, or are watching the tumbling surf at the sea-side. The friend he watched so faithfully is—dead. Then he grows stronger, and is able to walk about. He chances to catch a glimpse of his own face in the glass, and gives a piteous look of mingled pain and horror. Only his wavy hair and dark pathetic eyes remain unchanged. With a heart-broken sob, he turns his face to the wall like a grieved child. He is not moaning for his lost beauty; it is of Berce he thinks. "It is not *that*," he cries, clenching his hands fiercely; "not *that;* but *she* will shudder to look at me."

He has not even the gratitude of his friend to sweeten the bitterness of his heart. He lingers till there is no danger of infection, and then starts once more for Shell Cove.

"I will ask her," he thinks, "if she can love me now?" though Heaven knows, poor fellow, he has little enough hope.

Berce has been wondering, wondering where Ferdie can be, for she has not heard of his illness. She is sitting at her window, where the sea-breeze comes sighing freshly across the sunlit sea, laden with pleasant memories of wondrous sea-gardens where lovely, scentless flowers grow, and shy mermaidens comb their gleaming, yellow hair. She sits with the pages of "*Vanity Fair*" open before her, her cheek resting against her hand, half-reading, half-dreaming. The voices below she can hear quite plainly. Two men are talking.

"Ah! poor old Ferdie! he was such a dandy," says one.

Berce is unconsciously aroused by the name.

"Yes," replies the other, "it's a thousand pities he was scarred; but he's such a reckless fellow, that he'll rush headlong into anything. Ugh! Small-pox! I hate the very name. Why did he go and nurse his friend, I'd like to know?"

"Poor old Ferdie! he was a good fellow," says the first; "Legrand, I consider these cigars execrable."

"I agree with you," answers Legrand, flinging his away. "I say if old Smokey had to smoke the weeds he sells he would be a trifle more particular." And they walk off.

Berce wrings her hands tightly together to repress a cry. "Oh! it is dreadful! Why is fate so cruel?" A moment ago she was not willing to believe, in her gladness, that this cold, bright world of ours is nothing but a noisy Vanity Fair. "I do not care," she cries passionately, "if every one turns from him, still I will love him with all my heart."

Mamie comes in. "You can't imagine how tired I am, Berce!" she exclaims, sinking into a chair.

"You have been gone quite a long time," says Berce in her usual quiet tones. "What detained you?"

"Oh, well! in the first place," says Mamie Arlington, tossing her pretty, fair head, "I couldn't find the things I wanted, so I'll have to send to town. One can never get anything in these poky seaside places. Then Sallie captured me to tell some news."

"What was it?" questions Berce with a beating heart.

"Only that Ferdie Weir has had small-pox, and is frightfully scarred. By the by, child, he used to be rather attentive to you. Do you think I can get this rose-color matched at Brandt's?"

"I should think so," was the calm reply, though Berce feels as though she could never take an interest again in ribbons or balls—not even the grand ball which was soon to come off. However, she decides upon going, and when the night comes she is busily wreathing her hair with pretty, delicate, green vines. "Surely," she argues, "he told me not to forget him. Perhaps—" here she stops with a sigh, and then resumes—"I do not care if the whole world should loathe him, yet I will love him."

Already the music below warns Berce not to tarry longer. My pretty, bright Berce will she hold to her word, or, finding that she has "not heart enough for the trial," will she smile on some more desirable *parti?* The very evening of the ball Ferdie arrives. He wanders aimlessly, like an uneasy ghost, here and there upon the yellow sands. It has been a sultry day, and the hot breath of the storm-wind lifts the sand in little whirls. The thunder mutters ominously behind a veil of purple clouds. The music sounding fitfully where he stands tempts him to draw nearer. He does come nearer, and as the windows are low, he can see into the ball-room without being observed. Sallie Keating's beautiful white arm lies so near him that he might touch it if he so willed. Berce is sitting in the full glare of the lights, surrounded by gentlemen. For a moment a shadow seems to sadden her bright face, and drooping her graceful, brown head against the flowers, she gives a soft sigh. Perhaps her soul is aware of Ferdie's nearness.

"She is happy," he thinks; "she doesn't wish for me."

Sallie cries that she certainly saw a man standing outside the window; but Ferdie has vanished into the dark, and they tell her that it is a shadow. Aye, friends, the shadow of a lost hope, and what might have been.

Ferdie walks to the shore, where his little boat has carelessly been left. Whimsically enough, he has named it "Far-away Petrel." He steps into it and rows across the summer sea. The moon hides her face, and the storm breaks. Some (those who can spare a moment from their laughter) echo a time-worn sentiment, "God pity the ones at sea!"

"The dim, dark sea, so like unto death,
Which divides and yet unites mankind."

The morning dawns beautifully after the storm, and the pretty, cruel, innocent-looking waves are at play as if they knew no guile. It is very early, and few but the brown, hardy children of the fishermen are abroad. Who is it that comes so early to see the sun, which has just gleamed on the tops of the sighing pines? It is Herce. She looks at the little heaps of treasure which the mer-children do not want, and so fling up to men. Here a heap of shining pebbles; here a handful of pink shells, rosy as the mer-children's own rosy palms; here a tress of yellow sea-weed. Ah, ah! see that fanny little sand-peep, skipping here and there in search of his breakfast. He pokes his inquisitive bill into all the shining things, but turns from them, as if he would say, "Yes, they're all very well in their way, but they're not good to eat!" Oh! you dull, greedy little sand-peep, does none of the glory of morning touch your stupid heart? Happier so, birdie, for if you have not our pleasures, at least you escape our pains. Herce walks to a sheltered cove, and starts to see something else which the sea has left. It is a man, lying half in, half out of the water. What is that which rises and falls with the ripple of the sea? Is it brown sea-weed? It is the wavy dark hair of poor drowned Ferdie. Ferdie's countenance is not distorted by impotent struggles with the waves, but very calm. The sad young face is touched by a tender light which all the scars in the world cannot lessen. Death has clasped him with no ungentle hand, for lo! he sleeps. Herce stands gazing into the dead face with grief-stricken eyes. They both have doubted: will they ever understand each other? Is it not hard to think that we, who are so often misjudged on earth, may not receive our dues in Heaven? Can we hope that in Heaven everything, even the petty doubts and fears of life, shall be unravelled and made plain, or that the angels in their greater radiance cannot discern the doubts in which we died? Well for us that we have the better hope.

The voices of the children are plainly heard. A sea-gull cries, far out at sea. A fisherman's daughter comes singing over the sands. The old Herce of yesterday, with her pretty smiles and blushes, is dead; the sounding sea sings a grand requiem for her, and for the dead and gone summer of her life. The Herce of to-day has risen stern and white from the cold gray ashes of her love. The shores are almost silent; but far off, ah! how far off, flit the snowy-sailed sloops, like great birds, their white wings broadly spread to the wind. Washed on shore lies a little boat, its idle oars beside it, on whose side is traced, in letters blue and gold, "Far-away Petrel." No one sleeps in the shadow of its tiny sail; the Petrel rests upon the sand, far away no more, but near, quite near. The birds, waking, twitter to one another in soft conversational bird-notes, and the sun creeps higher in the cloudless sky. Little waves lap sleepily against the sides of the boat as they run up on land. The distant song of an early boatman is faintly heard, as he rows from the shore to try his luck in deeper waters. And suddenly, starting from its sleep, a bird soars upward, from the bosom of the sighing pines, far above our slothful dreams, and sings—and sings!

FLORA HAMPTON'S LOVER.

BY DAISY BURNS.

In one of our Western States there is a little village situated on a pretty stream of water and surrounded by a number of lofty hills. The silvery stream gliding in and out among the hills, over and under the huge rocks, presents quite a romantic picture. Independent of being a very charming village, the place boasts of a spring of water which will renew roses on the pale face, lengthen the days of the aged, and, in short, there's no naming what manner of things this water will not do.

It is not surprising, therefore, that so many invalids come out from the great bustling, sultry city, in the warm summer days, to enjoy the water and quiet of charming little Spring Dell. Nor is it surprising that so many young ladies and gentlemen who are not at all invalids, find their way here, when we take into consideration that it is one of the best fishing resorts in our country, thereby pleasing the gentlemen, and every lady that has ever been there declares it to be the best little nook for romancing and flirting she ever saw.

Mrs. Hampton was a widow, who owned a large white-frame house in Spring Dell, and accommodated many of the city visitors with boarding. She was poor, and her only treasure was a young daughter both pretty and intelligent.

One summer's day when the sweet scent of the June roses was wafted through the evening breeze, Flora Hampton, returning from shopping, was surprised to find a stranger conversing with her mother. She was looking unusually pretty, for the fresh air had brightened her face, and her long waving tresses had become partly unfastened, leaving her clouded by a mist of gold, graceful as a picture.

Charlie Mahan thought her the sweetest, freshest-looking little creature he ever saw; and Flora couldn't help admiring the gentlemanly face and figure of the stranger; and truly he made a handsome appearance as he stood in the doorway twirling his tawny mustache with one hand, while with the other he played with his tiny gold-headed cane.

"Flora," said Mrs. Hampton, as they walked into the sitting-room, "this is Mr. Mahan, from Chicago, who has just engaged boarding for a time: my daughter, Mr. Mahan. Flora, find Mr. Mahan some books that will interest him, while I prepare his room."

"Yes, mother," and Flora took off her hat, and began rummaging around in search of books.

"What kind of reading do you like, sir; novels, travels, history—or would you prefer a paper?"

"I'd *prefer* to have you talk to me awhile, when you come to that. I never read books."

"Never read!" exclaimed Flora, taking the first seat she saw, which happened to be by an open window, and beside another vacant one, which was soon occupied by Mr. Mahan. "Why, what do you do when you are at leisure?"

"Oh, we men in the city are never at leisure."

"Ah, I suppose you are a business man, then?"

"No, thanks to my antecedents, it is unnecessary for me to bother with business, but to keep up with the rules of society keeps one engaged all the time, and in the city, you know, these rules must be obeyed. What do the young people from the city do here in the way of amusement?"

"Sometimes they go fishing with the gentlemen, sometimes have picnics down at the springs, boat-rows when it's moonlight; and when the evenings are pleasant we have hops in the Court-House."

"Do *you* participate in these gatherings?"

"Why, certainly," she replied. "I love gayety, and am always glad to be in its midst." She did not understand his astonishment, for he was wondering how in the world the Misses Beekmans and others of his acquaintances had come to associate with a boarding-house keeper's daughter. And in fact these ladies did, at first, try to show Flora the difference between a city girl and one of her station. But as she kept aloof from them, and was so kind and cheerful in spite of their hauteur, they concluded, as they were from home, they might associate with her—so she was soon as much of a belle as they, and she only attributed their coldness at first to diffidence.

"Well, I'm glad you like pleasure," said Mr. Mahan, "and hope the first picnic that comes off I shall be allowed the pleasure of driving you over. Promise me, may I?"

"Oh, I don't care, it's a short distance; we generally walk, but I'd just as lief drive."

"Oh, say, Flora! Flora!" called a manly voice from the gate; and as she looked out the window and answered the call, the voice went on, "here's a nice string of fish for you." So she excused herself, ran and took the fish from the handsome, robust fellow standing at the gate with his pole and fishing-tackle, then carried them around to the servant, and returned to entertain Mr. Mahan.

"What a rough-looking fellow that was," said this gentleman as she sat down.

"Rough-looking! You are mistaken, sir; he is handsome and nice. Men usually dispense with their elegance when they go fishing. He is a friend of mine, and not a bit rough."

"Ah, excuse me," he said; and as Mrs. Hampton offered to show him to his room, he walked out.

"He's a conceited puppy—he is," said Flora to her mother; "he said Ned Clarendon was rough-looking."

"Well, Flora, Ned did look pretty rough compared with him," answered her mother with a smile.

Charlie Mahan soon began to mix with the young people; he was handsome and gay, consequently no gathering was considered complete without him. Flora liked him better as she became more acquainted with him, she took such pleasure in listening to the marvellous tales he would tell of the many sights he had seen in his travels, and he had travelled a great deal, but many of these marvellous tales were fiction.

She soon forgot his slight speech in regard to her friend Ned. Charlie Mahan was one of the few who was an adept in the art of small talk: if he didn't *really know* anything to say to the ladies, he would spin out a long tale concerning some love affair of a friend, which perchance he had read in some magazine, make himself the hero, and tell it for truth; or he would tell one of his miraculous escapes from a gang of robbers, or his wild adventures in the far west. He had the way of making his hearers believe all he said was true, in fact he was so agreeable Flora was not entirely sorry that they were so frequently thrown together; and he—he was terribly in love with her before he had been there a week. He tried to convince himself it was "only a flirtation," but to no avail. There was no voice that charmed him as hers did, no touch but hers sent a thrill through his being; no use to deny it, he was irrevocably in love. When he had been there several weeks he concluded the best thing for him to do was to pack up, and go home. He could never disgrace his family by marrying one so far beneath him. Oh, if *she* was just Ethel Reeves, whom his mother wished him to marry; but she was not, and his pride would not let him make such a choice. So he packed his valise, started off on the five o'clock train, so he would not have to bid her good-bye—he knew it would almost break the poor girl's heart—stayed away a day and a half, and returned to Spring Dell at four o'clock the second evening after he took his departure, telling them he had been called away very hastily.

"I'll just marry her, and be done with it," he said. "Mother will raise the mischief, and maybe all the rest, for awhile, but they'll soon get over it, so here goes." He wrote to his mother, telling of his future hope, gave a true sketch of Flora's beauty and winning manners, hoped she would love her as a daughter, didn't know exactly what time he would be married, would perhaps bring his wife home with him,—then sealed and mailed the letter. A few days afterward, he strolled into the summer-house, and found Flora looking more enchanting than ever, as she sat on the rustic bench, with her lap full of flowers, arranging a bouquet.

"Queen of Love and Beauty," he said, "for whom are those flowers intended?"

"For one who is worthy," she replied.

"May I not help you?"

"You may strip off those lower leaves," tossing him a bunch of buds, "while I weave in these."

He sat down by her side, and began pulling at the flowers.

"There!" she exclaimed, "see what you have done; you've ruined my beautiful Marechal Neil."

But Charlie was not thinking of the Marechal Neil-bud when he pulled the bud as well as leaves into pieces.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but Flora, do you love anybody?"

"What a question!" she replied, blushing.

"Well, wouldn't you like to get married, and live in style?" he continued.

"Why, what do you mean by such questions?"

"Well, my dear little friend, I've come to the conclusion to get married. I've a spendid home, and thousands upon thousands of dollars at my call. I know there is much difference in our standing, but I've thought the matter over, and think it just as well to brave the world's opinion at once and be done with it. You suit me, and I've made up my mind to marry you in spite of pride; therefore, little friend, just name the day that you will be my wife, and I—"

"But, Mr. Mahan, I cannot—"

"Cannot what?"

"I cannot marry you—I don't love you; besides—"

"Don't love me—why Miss Flora!"

"Strange as it may appear to you," she said, "but indeed I do not love you as you wish. I like you as a friend—but I love another."

"Who?"

"Ned Clarendon."

"That rough fellow?"

"Yes, we were engaged long before I met you."

"Do you pretend to say, Miss Hampton, you will marry that fellow—a poor, rough, country physician, when you can choose between him and me, Charles Mahan, of Chicago, who am worth so many thousands of dollars, and move in the very best society the city affords?"

"I am conscious of the honor you have done me, Mr. Mahan, in asking me to be your wife, and were I marrying for money or position I might accept your offer; as it is, I shall marry only for love, and as Ned is dearer to me than money, position, all else, I shall be his wife."

"I am answered, then," he said, "and these flowers are for—"

"Dr. Clarendon."

Charlie bowed, and walked out. He went to his room, and found the following letter on his table:

"DEAR SON: I will *never* receive an obscure country girl as my daughter. Don't say another word about it. Come home immediately; Ethel Reeves is here. Come at once. YOUR MOTHER."

Charlie packed up, took the first train, and left for home. This time he did not return. His mother praised him for being such a dutiful son, and he said not a word of his rejection, but after a time did as his mother desired—married Ethel Reeves.

A California Zephyr.

The Sacramento Bee says: Joseph Johnson, for a long time a school teacher in this county, now lives on a large ranche in Surprise Valley, in Siskiyou county, near Eaglesville. On the night of January last, he with his wife was sitting by a roaring stove in a lower room to their story and a half house, and listening with serenity to the storm that was roaring along the valley on the outside. Two boys, brothers of Mrs. Johnson, were snugly abed up-stairs.

Suddenly Johnson and his wife heard a sound of a wilder tempest than had been blowing all the night. It was like the hoarse roar of the ocean on a lee shore, and increased with frightful speed. With a presentiment of coming evil Johnson grasped his wife in his arms, and at that very moment the whirlwind swooped down on the building. It lifted it high in the air, carried it many feet; turned it completely upside down, and threw its roof to the ground with an awful crash. The ceiling fell on the roof, the boys being saved from death only by the bed, now turned bottom up. Mr. Johnson and his wife lit on their heads among the debris on the roof.

The floor was torn out and blown many rods away, one wall was torn out and blown forty yards one way, and another sixty yards in an exactly opposite direction. A can of coal-oil was burst and spoiled the winter's provisions. The fire from the stove fell into a trunk and burned the clothing and papers therein. In fact, the house and its contents were an utter wreck, and that all should have escaped unhurt except Mr. Johnson, whose left hand was very badly burned in keeping the stove off his wife, is miraculous.

The frightened people extricated themselves from the ruins, and through the awful tempest felt their way to a neighbor's. The next day, the wind having abated, the residents turned to and temporarily rebuilt the broken house. Mr. Johnson took account of the stock, and found that of household furniture wherewith to commence the winter anew, the hurricane had left him unbroken three teacups and a lamp chimney.

Curious Story About a Hawk.

The Baltimore American relates a curious incident which occurred a few days since, a short distance from that city. One of our well-known merchants had gone out on a visit to a friend, at whose house there was a bright little boy—and one day, to please the child, he manufactured a very large kite, and as the wind was strong enough, the kite was raised at once. After it had gone up nearly half a mile, a large crowd of country people collected to admire it, as such a magnificent toy had never been seen in that section before. While the spectators were admiring it a very large hawk was seen to fly slowly out of a neighboring grove and go directly toward the kite. The hawk approached within a few feet of the strange-looking object, and then circled about under it perhaps five minutes, when he flew just above it and again circled around several times.

Suddenly he hovered directly over the kite, and after looking at it intently for a short time, darted downward, and, striking the paper, passed directly through the kite, coming out on the other side. After this strange experience, which no doubt puzzled the hawk vastly, he flew off a short distance for reflection, but still keeping the kite in view. Not being disposed to give it up so, he quickly returned to the charge, and this time fastened on the long string of rags that were used as a tail to the kite, which he tore and scattered in the air in a savage manner. Finding, however, no resistance on the part of the kite, he became disgusted or scared, and flew away toward the woods from whence he came. The gentleman says that whenever the hawk made an attack he would retreat a little, as if he expected the strange bird was going to return the assault.

The North American Indian.

Voluptuary and stoic, swept by gusts of fury too terrible to be witnessed, yet imperturbable beyond all men under the ordinary excitements and accidents of life; garrulous, yet impenetrable; curious, yet himself reserved; proud and mean alike beyond compare; superior to torture and the presence of certain death; yet, by the standards of all other peoples, a coward in battle; capable of magnanimous actions, which, when uncovered of all romance are worthy of the best days of Roman virtue, yet more cunning, false and cruel than the Bengalee—this copper-colored sphynx, this riddle of unread-of-men, equally fascinates and foils the inquirer. This, however, is the Indian of history. The Indian for whom the government is called to provide subsistence and instruction, presents no such psychological difficulties. Curious compound and strange self-contradiction as the red man is in his character, in his traditional pursuits, and amid the surroundings of his own wild life, yet when broken down by the military power of the whites, thrown out of his familiar relations, his stupendous conceits, with its glamour of savage pomp and glory, rudely dispelled, his occupation gone, himself a beggar, the red man becomes the most common-place person imaginable, of very simple nature, limited aspirations and enormous appetites.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ "Home—sweet home," as the bee said when he entered his hive.

☞ The fact that a man wants to head an expedition to the North Pole ought to be taken as presumptive evidence that his mother-in-law has been visiting him.

☞ A society has been formed in New York called the "Ladies' Anti-ambitious-to-figure-in-the-newspapers-with-no-useful-result-and-to-the-neglect-of-your-own-domestic-duties Society."

☞ At the recent wedding of a Bavarian army officer, 181 of his brother officers claimed the right to kiss the bride. She responded to each smack, and wasn't tired the least bit.

☞ A German peddler is the innocent author of a problem of which we beg a solution. He was asked if it was not heavy work carrying a big pack about day after day. "Oh, yes," he replied, "it was heavy." "Well," said the querist, "do you make much?" "Vell, I dunno. Some days I makes notting, and oder days twice so much."

☞ "Scholars are requested not to chaw lickorish in school," reads a sign on an Indiana school-house.

☞ Barnum is in Boston, and a paper there says: "When you overtake an acquaintance drifting down Columbus avenue with his coat tails full of pine splinters, it is safe to ask him how he liked the circus."

☞ Bushyhead is the name of one of the editors of a California paper. Fancy the feelings with which Captain Jack would toy with his scalping-knife if Bushyhead went to interview him.

☞ Multitudinous matrimonial engagements in the senior class at Utica are rendering prudent parents and guardians doubtful about the advantages of admitting students of both sexes into the same college.

☞ Milkmen pour water in their milk merely to prevent the accumulation of butter in the bottom of the cans. The jolting of the wagon churns the milk, and unless the fluid is thinned the butter is sure to come. To a milkman who uses nothing but maple syrup on his bread this accumulation of butter is peculiarly annoying.

☞ While a Texas man was trying to anchor his mule to a stake, recently, the animal managed to get the rope around the man's neck, and then ran away at the top of his speed. The widow wants to sell the mule.

☞ A Worcester lady was prevented from attending the funeral of her aunt by being unable to prepare a mourning bustle in time. Had it been her mother-in-law's funeral she would have gone any way.

☞ The "wild man" has made his appearance in Florida. He has been chased to a cave in Oceola, where he bids defiance to his pursuers. He is described as a man of gigantic proportions, ranging apparently from six to seven feet in height, covered with long, whitish hair of bristly stiffness, and so singular withal as to still leave the pursuers in doubt as to whether he is man or beast.

☞ A Texas man stole a gravestone and used it for a beer counter, until some of his neighbors convinced him, by means of a grass rope, that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

☞ An Illinois couple, who were divorced nearly half a century ago, were remarried last week, the husband having been twice made a widower in the meantime.

☞ Peoria papers report that every prudent resident in that equable climate carries with him when he goes out walking, "an overcoat, umbrella, linen duster and fan!"

☞ A Detroit woman called upon a credulous family in that city the other day, introduced herself and began a conversation. Suddenly she fell out of her chair, very sick and feeble, and faintly said that she had no money and could not go to the hospital, and they would have to keep her through the run of the fever. They gave her three dollars to crawl out and try to reach the hospital, and she has a new blue sash now.

☞ SHE ACCEPTED.—The Courier-Journal asks:—Can it be that one of the fair belles of Lebanon has been trying to come up with the learned Dr. White of the Herald? "I will with pleasure allow you the exquisite beatitude of conducting my corporeal system over the space of ground intervening between my paternal domicile and the edifice devoted to divine worship, when the diurnal luminary shall have sought his nocturnal resting-place behind the occidental horizon."

☞ CRUEL FRIVOLITY.—"Wife, have you heard about neighbor Jones getting shot?" "Why, bless my stars, no! How did he get shot?" "He bought them, my dear."

☞ There is a little town in Connecticut where they don't often see anything larger than a ten-dollar bill, and when a fellow produces a fifty-dollar greenback, they arrest him for trying to pass counterfeit money, lock him up in the jail over night, and wait till the banks open the next morning to find out whether it is the real stuff, as was the case the other day.

☞ A boy of the period astonished his mother by saying, "I wish father would get another wife." "Why, my son?" "Because," replied the youngster, "I am tired of seeing you around."

☞ An individual living near Royal Oak called on the Detroit chief of police, last week, to ascertain if Detroit was going to celebrate the Fourth of July. He was very anxious to find out, because, as he explained, "If you are going to sling powder and have a whooping old Fourth of July, I want to get a red woollen shirt and a new pair of boots, and come in with Sarah."

☞ THE VALUE OF TIME.—Hang this in your library, parlor, office, store, shop, or some other place where it will be seen:—"What does it matter if we lose a few minutes in a day?" Answer.—Time-table: (days in a year, 313; working hours in a day, 8):

	Days.	h.	m.
5 minutes lost each day is, in a year	3	2	5
10 minutes lost each day is, in a year	6	4	10
20 minutes lost each day is, in a year	12	8	20
30 minutes lost each day is, in a year	19	4	30
60 minutes lost each day is, in a year	39	1	00

We trust that the above will touch the hearts of those who call in to see you "just for a minute."

☞ A few weeks ago the remains of Mr. Tobias Wenger were exhumed in Little York, Ohio, on account of reports that he had been poisoned by his wife. The investigation showed that the charges were utterly groundless, but the lady was so overwhelmed by mortification and grief at the suspicion cast upon her that she died of a broken heart a few days ago.

☞ Here is another of California's big productions: A San Bernardino assessor asked a woman how many chickens she had, and, doubting her word, proceeded to count them. She took him to the bee-hive, kicked it over, and invited him to count the bees. Another man is finishing his work.

☞ Fairmount, Philadelphia, is to have a grand zoological garden in its fine park.

☞ A St. Louis lady is opposed to female clerks, because it destroys the romance of shopping.

☞ A writer divides men, with regard to their laughter, into three classes, the he, he, he, the ho, ho, ho, and the ha, ha, ha men—the shallow, the gross and the refined.

☞ Says the Utica Herald: "The man who thought anybody could milk a cow, don't think so any more. He bought a cow yesterday, and last evening he took a new tin pail and a raisin-box and started for the stable. He revolved out of the stable through a window in just three minutes. At the same time the pail was seen wandering among the rafters, and the raisin-box came bounding out of the door. The hired girl made a reconnoissance in force, and reported that the cow was standing on her horns, so to speak, and wiggling her hind legs (the cow, not the girl), for more worlds to conquer."

☞ A BOOK.—Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book; a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.—*Charles Kingsley.*

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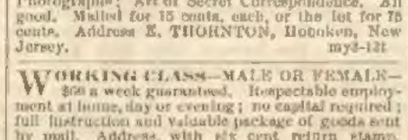
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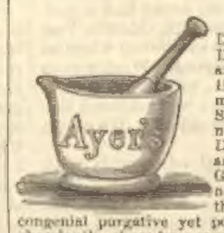
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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

We have been troubled for some time past with dampness in our cellar, and last week we got a couple of men to come and dig it out for a foot or two and fill it in with a cement and mortar floor. We heard screams for help all that night, but concluded that Chubb, just back of us, must either be fondling his wife with the rolling-pin, as he does sometimes when his muscles need exercise, or paddling one of his boys with a bed-slat. So we paid no attention to it. The next morning both of our servant-girls were missing. After hunting around for awhile we looked into the cellar, and there was the cook, standing by the furnace, knee-deep in the cement, holding on to the coal-shovel, which was also buried half-way up to the top of the handle. The nurse had sat down in her fatigue, and only her head was visible, while in several places on the surface of the floor there were air-holes where the milk-jug, the butter-pot, the cold veal and the lima beans had sunk. To make the situation more dreadful the cement had hardened during the night, and it became a question whether it would be better to blast out the cook with gunpowder and resurrect the nurse with nitro-glycerine, and run the risk of killing them, or to let them die where they were and save funeral expenses except for the cook's upper half and the nurse-girl's head. But when the cement man came he said it would be better to cut them out with a cold chisel, and he did it at a cost of two hundred dollars, and that very night both girls left without warning. The cold veal is there yet. Centuries hence some antiquarian will grub around and blow it out and present it to a museum as a fossil specimen of some unknown animal, while he will probably go around lecturing on the milk-jug and the butter-pot as utensils used in by-gone ages by a race of savages called "the Adelers." We would like to be alive then and have a pass to that lecture. We would like also to get our hands on the receipts, to pay for excavating the two children of Erin.

—We were sorry to see in a Philadelphia paper the other day that a man was arrested "for appearing upon the street without trousers." This seems to us to be all wrong. A great many very eminent men have done the same thing, and nobody complained of their neglect. Adam never wore pantaloons, and he moved in the very first circles—absolutely the first—and was considered perfectly respectable. Abraham wore none; he used to wrap a simple tablecloth about him and ramble around without any policemen interfering with him. Nebuchadnezzar despised trousers, and regarded suspenders with derision. He is thought to have had a partiality for pink tights. When Hannibal crossed the Alps he had on snow-shoes and a flannel shirt. No pantaloons for *him*. Marc Antony wore nothing but his bare legs and a toga when he preached his funeral sermon over the body of Cæsar. Catherine de Medicis also scorned the idea of wearing pantaloons, and Erasmus never had a pair within half a mile of his legs. Martin Van Buren never wore them excepting when he was out of bed, and General Washington refused to put a pair on, until he was four years old. That man who was arrested was only following these precedents. He ought to be released.

—We had a good deal of trouble with our horse last summer. He was a bob-tailed horse, and it seemed to annoy him so much that he couldn't reach the flies which fattened on his ribs, that it occurred to us to fix him up a kind of an artificial tail to relieve the situation, as it were. So we procured three feet of half-inch rope, unravelled about eighteen inches of it, and spliced the other end to the horse's tail. This would have enabled him to switch a fly off of his nose as soon as he had acquired a little practice. But our Irishman, seeing the rope, and not understanding our motive precisely, concluded that we were trying experiments with some new kind of a hitching strap to be used in the rear, and so he tied the horse to the stall that night by his artificial continuation. By morning the feed-box was kicked to kindling-wood, and the horse was standing on three legs, with the other leg caught in the hay-rack, while he had chewed up four of the best boards in the side of the stable in front of him. Then we got him up another rope tail, and explained the theory to our man. But the tail bothered the hostler so much while carrying the horse, that he tied half a brick to it to hold it still. The consequence was that the horse, in a moment of excitement, jerked the brick around and mashed in the Irishman's nose, and he sued us, and we spent two hundred dollars trying to settle the case. Then we bought a bunch of horse-hair and spliced that on very neatly. When our new man came he began to curry that tail, and it came off in his hand. He thought it indicated a diseased condition of the horse, and he gave him a huge dose of some kind of patent powder to improve the animal's health, and in half an hour the horse had convulsions, during which he kicked down the stable-door, battered the stall into splinters, hammered four more boards out of the partition, dislocated his off hind leg, and died in frightful agony. Now we have a horse with a long tail; and when we see a peddler coming with horse-medicine we send a dog out to interview him, and bombard him from the front window with a shot-gun.

—It may be as well to inform all the readers of the Post, at once, that it is perfectly useless to ask us for our autograph. We have firmly resolved not to give it under any circumstances, and for this reason: Some years ago we furnished our signature and a card-photograph of ourself to a man named Mullaney, who professed to have a warm affection for us. But Mullaney, instead of putting the autograph in his collection, affixed it to a letter to the Czar of Russia, asking him to lend ten thousand dollars on long time. Of course he got it, and not until the Czar hinted at the subject one day, when we were playing leap-frog with him at the palace, were we aware of the transaction. It took the whole of our income for a month to settle the obligation. Worse than this, Mullaney began to make love to the oldest daughter of the Khedive of Egypt, and he sent her our photograph when he proposed. She accepted him instantly, of course, and her father chased us around Egypt on a dromedary for six weeks with a bowstring and ystaghan, trying to interview us upon the subject, in order to ascertain why we would not marry the girl at once. We avoided him by dodging around one of the pyramids, and left for Greece the next morning in a gunning-skiff. So we have resolved never to run the same risk again. Persons who wish to look at us, can do so by calling at the office and subscribing for the paper.

—Some of the customs of the savage tribes in the interior of Africa are peculiar. When, for instance, there has been a war, and it is desired to procure peace, two of the chiefs of the rival factions meet, and after a short conversation shake hands, and then each sacrifices one of his mothers-in-law, and hostilities are ended permanently. Robinson, from whom we obtain this information, has a mother-in-law in his house, and he assures us of his belief that these African barbarians are far, far in advance of us in their enlightened perception of the causes which produce strife.

—A scientific paper says: "If a man had an arm long enough to reach to the sun, and were to touch that body with his finger, he could never find out whether it was hot or cold, for he would be dead before the sensation arrived at head-quarters, which would require a hundred years." This is very interesting and highly important. But now we want to know what it would cost that man annually for coat-sleeves; how long it would take him to put on a clean shirt; the number of centuries he would have to expend to feel in his pocket for his handkerchief, and whether he could ever hope to part his hair properly while his arm had only one elbow. When light is thrown upon these branches of the subject, we shall be better prepared to decide whether to advise our readers to let their arms grow to that length or not.

—Some years ago a new fire company was organized at Reading, and the members one evening thought they would have a little innocent fun at the expense of Hopkins, their president. They decided to rush around with the engine to Hopkins's house after dark, to throw up their ladders, pull out their hose, climb on his roof and scare him with the belief that his dwelling was on fire. But that very day Hopkins moved out of the house, and a Presbyterian clergyman moved in, without the company being aware of the change. So about eight o'clock the humorists dashed out, and went through all the movements, getting on the roof and splashing water around, and creating a terrific disturbance generally. A rival company noticing what was going on also hurried to the scene, and without understanding the joke, attached their hose to a plug, smashed in the front windows and began to empty a two-inch stream on the family of that Presbyterian clergyman. They squirted into all the rooms, split up the window-shutters with an axe, broke down the front door, ran out the furniture, tore off the shingles, and bawled through trumpets until the hired girl had convulsions on the kitchen stairs. The first company tried to explain, but the new-comers thought an effort was being made to get them out of the way, and a fight ensued, and presently firemen were sliding off the roof, and pelting down the chimneys, and bleeding over the entry carpet, and having boisterous encounters with spanners and brass horns on the stairs. And the next morning that Presbyterian divine and his family moved out. They said the place seemed to be too animated and sensational for a quiet domestic circle. They wanted a house where there was more calmness and peace; where they could have more security for their privacy and pianos, and for their front-doors and shingles and peace of mind and window-sashes.

—Everybody, we suppose, is aware that some men are so highly charged with electricity that they will discharge sparks when rubbed, as easily as a cat's back will. Bunker, when we knew him, was a perfect galvanic battery. Not only would the spark phenomenon be apparent upon his touching silk and similar substances, but his hair was highly electrical; and it was remarkable that whenever a thunderstorm occurred, it would stand straight up on end. (Not the storm, but the hair.) If he would try to brush it down, it would fly up again, just like a sapling which is pulled toward the earth. Bunker, at such times, used to jam a hat tight over his head. And this would sometimes answer, but often, when there was an extremely severe electrical discharge, the hat would be jerked off savagely and be projected several hundred feet in the air. There is one of Bunker's hats now on the Baptist church-steeple near his house, thrown there by the action of his hair during a thunder-gust last August. Everybody that didn't know Bunker, used to look at his upright hair and think he was frightened; and whenever there was a lightning-rod man in the vicinity, he always heard about Bunker's hair, and came round and persecuted him. Bunker endured this for a good while with calmness and patience; but one day an agent came by in a storm, and saw him standing with his hair erect, at the window, and immediately rushed out of his wagon and put thirty-four lightning-rods on the house without mentioning the subject to Bunker. And the consequence was that the dwelling was struck fourteen times that afternoon, and Bunker was stunned by a shock which came just as he put his head out of the window and jammed it against one of the rods. When the agent called to collect his bill, a fight ensued, during which Bunker's nose was much enlarged and his bones considerably mellowed. Then he shaved off his hair, and he has gone it bald ever since. But even now, in a thunder-storm, his scalp can be observed to work, and twitch, and wrinkle and jerk as if it wanted to come off.

—We want to believe that story from a Peoria paper about Mr. Henry Bull, but it is hard, very hard to accept it with perfect confidence. Mr. Bull it is alleged, was fed upon calomel and blue pills by the doctors for a number of years, so that finally he became absolutely saturated with quicksilver. The other day, while he was standing by the side of the house, the sun suddenly came out bright and warm, and Bull began gradually to ascend. He stopped at the line of the sill of the second-story window and hung there, suspended in space, until a thunder-storm happened to come up, which cooled the atmosphere, and then Mr. Bull slowly descended. Now he has a graduated scale marked on the gable end of his dwelling, and whenever Mrs. Bull wants to know how warm it is, she ties flat-irons to Henry's legs to hold him down, and walks him around to the gable and cuts him loose and lets him rise to 80 or 90 degrees; and when she gets the information, she lassoes him with the clothes-line and hauls him down. We say we *want* to believe this anecdote, because it makes us happier to have perfect faith. But it is harder work than believing most lies.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.—We fear that Mr. P. M. Butterfield, Port Allegheny, Pa., must be a gentleman of a cynical and acidulous turn of mind. He has written to the Postmaster of Jefferson City that "he has heard that there is a female incarcerated there for life unless she marries, which will liberate her." He continues: "Is this so? If it is, I would be glad to give a clear $10,000 *to get a wife that no man would envy me.* Write and let me know immediately." Men of Mr. Butterfield's peculiar turn of mind have been known to marry exceedingly ugly women, but to wed a convict out of prison for such reason would be a doubtful experiment.

NICE DISTINCTION.

LADY—"Tommy Smith, what is meant by 'sending rain upon the just and upon the unjust?'"

TOMMY SMITH (promptly)—"Sending it to wet good boys and naughty girls."

IN A CANON.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Clare Westleigh stood at the door of Don José's rancho, looking moodily after a small cavalcade that was slowly disappearing in the distance. He was not in a remarkably pleasant state of mind, if one might be allowed to judge from the expression of his face.

"That last was too much!" he said, impatiently pulling the ends of his heavy black mustache. "Not content with snubbing me during the whole week, she actually told me to my face that I wasn't wanted, when I offered my services as escort. I despise a coquette!"

This was an unusual display of feeling for Clare Westleigh. He considered himself, and liked to be considered by others, *blasé*. Four years spent amid the wear and tear of New York society, had not tended to enhance his powers of enjoyment or to improve him mentally or physically. He was rich, and therefore a shining mark for manœuvring mammas with marriageable daughters. He had been petted, smiled upon and sought after, until he had begun to regard himself as a superior being, to whom all women could not possibly do otherwise than offer the sacrifice of their hearts. Becoming tired of New York, he had started for the wilds of Arizona, followed by a chorus of lamentations and accompanied by immense packages of photographs of lovely belles, and slippers worked with forget-me-nots.

"I don't see how any sensible man could marry such a woman," he continued, still gazing after the receding group. "Dona Inez is certainly pretty, but I've known prettier girls; and she treated me—well! just as badly as possible. She really didn't know 'what good a man could ever do in the world with such white hands,' and she wondered 'how I should look running away from the Apaches in those small Paris boots.' When I told her that I should not run, she asked sarcastically, if I thought the Apaches would be likely to run away from *me*, adding that Indians of the 'best' tribes, generally preferred scalps scented with hair oil. Impudent coquette!" And Clare Westleigh's cheeks reddened at the remembrance of the young lady's sharp speeches, but he kept his eyes turned in the direction she and her party had taken, until old Don José called him in to breakfast.

The cavalcade which Clare Westleigh had watched so persistently had just entered the picturesque valley of San Ignacio. The rising sun cast a bright red glow over the beautiful scenery of the cañon and lighted up Dona Inez's pretty face with a rich blush-like color.

Old Don José, the owner of the rancho in which Clare Westleigh lodged, was Inez's uncle. He lived alone; and hearing that he was ill, Inez had come from her father's rancho, in the valley of Nogales, to nurse the old man through his sickness.

Dona Inez sat gracefully on her staid, little pony, alternately looking discontentedly back at Don José's rancho and chiding Juanita, her little maid, who, mounted on a tall, gaunt horse, dashed hither and thither, regardless of bowlders or tangled grass.

Don Francesco, though usually it is not the custom of brothers to admire their own sisters distractedly, could not help thinking that Inez was at this moment the loveliest woman he had ever seen. It was plain, however, that Inez was not thinking of him, for she continued to look backward; at intervals shaking her riding-whip at some imaginary offender.

"It's too bad!" she said at last. "These Americans of the North possess no politeness whatever. They are extremely ungallant!"

"Are they?" said her brother, indifferently.

"How stupid you are!" she returned. "Could you not see it yourself? There is that Señor Westleigh—barbarous name!—who is at Uncle José's. He saw us starting away this morning, and, though I told him that Apaches are always prowling around this cañon, he did not come with us."

"You told him you didn't want him, señorita," broke in Juanita, who, with her long, black hair flying wildly in the breeze, looked like a diminutive Amazon, as she forced her Rosinante to leap a wide gulley.

"Juanita is right," said the sententious Francesco.

"Juanita is pert," retorted Inez. "What if I did *say* so? Are men so foolish as to believe that a lady means everything she says?"

"There are few men so foolish," observed Don Francesco.

"Indeed! Oh, indeed!" said Inez, tossing her head. "When did *you* learn so much, my brother? I imagined that wisdom was acquired only by experience."

"My wisdom has been acquired by experience. I have known you for some time."

Inez laughed in spite of her ill-humor. But her laughter was suddenly checked by Juanita's warning gesture. Juanita had been riding some yards in advance; she had now stopped, and turned around in in her saddle. She was motioning the other two not to advance any farther.

Dona Inez and her brother came to a stand-still.

"What on earth is the matter with the girl?"

"Look!" Inez answered, pointing to a place further down the cañon, which was covered by a thick growth of brushwood and grass.

Don Francesco looked in that direction. He saw something bright glittering among the bushes. One steady glance was enough to assure him that it was the muzzle of a rifle.

"Don't be afraid, Inez," he said. "It's an Apache. I see the top of his head-dress above the grass. I'll settle him." And he brought his rifle to his shoulder. Inez laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't fire. There may be more of them. Let us ride back rapidly."

"That would be folly," Don Francesco whispered, bitterly. "They'd capture us before we had gone a hundred yards. The Apaches have all the best horses in Arizona or Sonora."

This was true; and our trio were very badly mounted.

Inez's cheeks paled, and she trembled so violently as to be hardly able to keep her seat. She had often calmly contemplated the possibility of being captured by Apaches, but now that the reality in all its horrors seemed imminent, her courage deserted her entirely.

Don Francesco fired. At the same instant a stream of red fire issued from the bushes, and Don Francesco fell forward upon his horse's neck. Inez forgot her terror, and endeavored to support him in his saddle. Her feeble strength could effect little. Her brother rolled helplessly to the ground. She sprang after him, and endeavored to staunch the blood that was flowing from his side.

A ferocious-looking Apache jumped from the ambush. Juanita urged her gaunt steed in the direction of Don José's rancho; and the other animals, bewildered by the firing, started also. The Indian sent his lance whizzing after the fleeing girl. Juanita was remarkably lithe and active in her movements. She dodged the blow, but the weapon struck her unfortunate Rosinante. The horse reeled, and Juanita thought it best to abandon him. She accordingly freed herself from the stirrup, and sprang nimbly to the ground. Juanita knew the place well—far better than the Apache. There was a deep gulch not far off, well covered with dry brush-wood and grass. In fact, old Don José had used it as a trap for catching bears and deer. Toward this spot Juanita ran. She was small and light of weight, and she knew that the treacherous covering of the gulch would probably bear her. She was right; she skimmed lightly over the apparently firm, green surface. The Apache attempted to follow. He had scarcely made two steps when with a crash the frail structure of boughs and bushes gave way, and he disappeared from sight. Juanita's black eyes sparkled, and she showed her white teeth in a triumphant smile. She was certain that the Apache was safe for the present, as the gulch was very deep, and its sides were as smooth as glass.

Juanita made a movement to retrace her steps, and rejoin Dona Inez and her wounded brother; but almost immediately she changed her mind. Just coming within range of sight were four mounted Apaches. The one of whom Juanita had disposed, had been sent in advance to reconnoitre. The brave little maid determined to "make tracks" at once for Don José's rancho, and to return with whatever assistance she could procure.

In the meantime Dona Inez knelt beside her brother. The flow of blood from his wound was rapid, and he had become unconscious. In her fear and anxiety, she had not noticed Juanita's movements. The sound of approaching hoof-beats caused her to raise her head. She saw that the Apaches were nearing her. In her wild terror she screamed aloud. Alone, and at the mercy of these fiends! She made an attempt to drag Francesco beneath the shelter of the bushes. The Apaches were approaching nearer and nearer. Inez could not move the prostrate man. She covered her face with her hands, and bowed her head in prayer, expecting each instant to feel an arrow quivering in her flesh.

A step crushed the grass beside her. She thought that her last moment had come.

"Señorita," said a low, distinct voice at her side—a voice she had heard before. "It is I. You are not alone. I will defend you while a spark of life remains to me."

Inez's heart thrilled with joy.

"Señor Westleigh! How came you here?"

"Juanita met me on the road a moment ago."

"And you are alone? Oh, señor, do not remain here! Your single arm will be powerless against those four savages! Go!—leave me!—hasten back to the rancho. You but risk your life in vain here. What good can you do?"

Clare Westleigh's brow contracted, and his lips closed firmly. He loaded Don Francesco's rifle in silence. Then he seized the wounded man, and led the way toward a huge bowlder. Inez followed him. The bowlder stood a short distance from the rocky wall that bordered the cañon. Between the bowlder and this wall Clare Westleigh and Inez stationed themselves. With a grim smile, Clare Westleigh shouldered his own rifle, and significantly touched his revolvers. Inez had already taken possession of her brother's gun. She was no longer pale and trembling; her face was flushed, and feverish strength had taken possession of her.

A shower of arrows clattered against the rock. The Apaches were cautiously approaching their retreat.

"Fire when I give the word," Westleigh whispered.

Inez mutely assented. In front and behind they were protected by the bowlder and the wall of rocks. The Apaches could only approach by either side. Inez stood on the left, Westleigh on the right, waiting for the appearance of their enemy. But there was silence; no Indian appeared. Suddenly and unexpectedly from a clump of bushes a bullet sped. Westleigh groaned, and the blood streamed from his right arm. Inez dropped her rifle to assist him.

"No! no!" he exclaimed, noticing her movement. "Do not think of me! Hold fast to the gun; you will need it presently." Setting his teeth together to keep back groans of pain, he hastily scooped a deep hole in the loose sand. Into this he inserted his bleeding arm.

"A new way of dressing a wound," he said, trying to smile.

The sight of the crimson blood, the horror of the situation, and the thought that Westleigh was bleeding to death, all united to overcome Inez's apparent firmness. She struggled with all her power against the deadly faintness that was creeping over her. It was in vain. She fell to the ground in a swoon.

Looking at her pale, beautiful face, Clare Westleigh again swore to defend her while his left hand could pull a trigger or strike a blow. Sickening despair seized his heart as he thought how weak one arm would be against eight. But there is one whose arm is all powerful. Clare Westleigh thought of that too. The Apaches from their ambush saw his helpless condition. Now was their time. Uttering a blood-curdling yell, they rushed upon him. He fired his rifle among them; but, using his left arm, his aim was uncertain. He clubbed his rifle and struck at them wildly. He fought with the madness of despair. The struggle was short and terrible. A triumphant yell sounded in his ears, a strong hand seized his hair, he felt the touch of cold steel on his forehead—

"Diablos!" cried a voice above him, "we're just in time."

The Apache relaxed his grasp. Don José's sharp machete had cloven his skull. The other Indians had taken to their heels with half a dozen herdsmen in hot pursuit.

Juanita had fortunately reached the rancho before Don José's herdsmen had gone to their daily work. She gave the alarm; with what effect we have seen.

It was found that the Indian who had tumbled into the gulch was killed by the fall. Juanita became quite a heroine in everybody's estimation, but especially in her own.

One bright afternoon, about two weeks later, Clare Westleigh and Inez sat in the porch of Don José's rancho. Clare wore his right arm in a sling; he was pale, but the usual expression of cynical discontent had passed from his face.

"Well, Inez," he was saying, "are you still firm in your resolution to hate Americans of the North—especially those who have white hands—"

"I don't hate anybody," interrupted Inez, demurely casting down her eyes. "It would be wrong. Men may have white hands, and yet know how to use them." And Inez glanced at the bandaged arm.

"But I prefer brown hands."

"Will you give me permission to brown my hands in your service—after our marriage?"

Inez became nearly as red as the oleanders around the porch.

"Yes," she murmured.

"Take care, Señor Clare," cried Don Francesco from the interior of the rancho. "Men shouldn't be so foolish as to believe that a lady means everything she says."

Inez grew redder than the oleanders, and made a murderous stab at Don Francesco with her fan. A fit of laughter had rendered the assaulted gentleman unable to defend himself.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

A WORKER, (Pottstown, Pa.,) asks: "Do you suppose I could, in any way, earn my passage over to England in any of the vessels plying between Philadelphia and Liverpool? I am a woman, thirty years of age, have been accustomed for the last thirteen years to doing all kinds of hard work in the house, and would be willing to do any work that a woman can do. When will the steamship Pennsylvania be ready to sail, and to whom should I apply for employment on board that vessel? Also do you think it likely that I should succeed if I made an application?" No. The Pennsylvania is already fully provided, and sailed on the 3rd of May. We do not know what the chances may be on other vessels, nor how many women, if any, they usually employ. It may be possible that, by personal effort, you could obtain a position.

PUDDING-BAG, (Smyrna, Del.,) asks: "Will you please give me the correct rendering of 'The proof of the pudding,' &c.? A friend and I had a controversy as to what *was* the proof of the pudding, he confounding that it was in chewing the strings of the bag. I should want a more substantial proof than that, and think the proof of the pudding is in the eating. I cannot find the quotation anywhere, and would like to be enlightened on the subject. I shall not ask the stereotyped question, how is my writing? for I know it is mean enough." It is better than half of the writing we are questioned about. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, not in chewing the bag, nor in masticating the pudding-bag strings. Americans, you know, must be at extremes, and they have gradually, in trying to strengthen this good old proverb, changed it into a senseless phrase.

BENJAMIEN, (Philadelphia) writes: "Please be so kind as to answer me the following questions. 1st. What is a condensing steam engine? 2d. What is the difference between a high and low pressure engine? 3d. What is the danger in not having enough water in a boiler? 4th. Is the same old-fashioned D valve still used in engines? (The one explained in Encyclopædia Britannica.) 5th. Is there any contrivance in steam-pumps to prevent 'catching on centre?'" 1st. A condensing engine is one in which the cylinder is connected with a condenser. This is a reservoir of cold water, which condenses the steam in the cylinder as soon as the connection between them is opened, thus making a vacuum behind the piston head. 2d. A condensing and a low-pressure engine are the same, the latter name arising from the fact that a low pressure of steam is sufficient to drive the piston head into the vacuum formed by condensation. In the high-pressure engines there is no condenser, and the exhaust steam has to be forced from behind the piston head, through the open escape valves, by the pressure of live steam admitted to the other side of the head. 3d. There is danger of the small quantity of water being converted entirely into steam, in which case the boiler might become greatly overheated. If, in this condition, cold water be pumped into the boiler it may flash at once into steam, and rend the iron by the great pressure suddenly created. 4th. No, not upon new engines. 5th. We believe that some steam-pumps have a contrivance for this purpose. The Worthington pump is said to avoid stopping on the centre by the alternating action of two pumps.

I. H. H., (Texas,) says: "Seeing an unlimited number of questions answered through your columns, I, with your permission, ask one. Is there such a thing as a mineral rod, and if so what is it made of? How is it used, and where can I obtain one?" You can obtain one from the nearest hazel bush. The mineral or divining rod is a hazel twig, cut in the form of the letter Y. It is used by a class of persons called Dowsers, who pretend to discover springs of water or mineral veins by its use. They hold the two prongs between the balls of the thumbs and pass backward and forward over the ground to be examined. As soon as they come over water or a mineral substance the twig turns, with a slow rotary motion. Such is the superstition, but Dowsers are generally more successful in discovering metal in people's pockets than in their grounds.

PHOTO, (Mt. Olive, Va.,) asks: "Will you please answer the following questions? 1st. When does my subscription expire? 2d. Do you think a portable printing press would prove remunerative in connection with my business, (photography)? I have no knowledge of printing. Can it be so easily learned as press venders say it can, by one who is apt? 3d. Would it not be better to print the Post octavo size? 4th. Will you publish a short story relating to the late war if it suits you? 5th. How is my handwriting?" 1st. We always notify our subscribers two weeks before the expiration of their subscriptions by a printed notice which is sent with the paper. 2d. That would depend entirely on the demand for printing in your neighborhood. If the demand is in advance of the supply it probably would pay you. Do not take the word of interested parties about so important a matter. It is the object of these press venders to sell their presses, and they may make false representations for that purpose. It is no trifling matter to learn the printing business, as you may find to your cost, if you enter into it heedlessly. 3d. The great majority of our subscribers probably prefer the Post in its present form. 4th. A story relating to the late war would not be likely to suit us. 5th. Your writing is susceptible of considerable improvement.

IGNORAMUS asks: "Please answer the following questions: 1st. Who is the author, and what is the price of a book called 'Parturition without Pain' from which you had an extract in the Post two or three years since? 2d. Is George Eliot *legally* married to George Lewes? 3d. What is the price of six ebonite croquet balls and six mallets with ebonite heads, and where can they be procured?" 1st. The price of the book mentioned is one dollar. You can obtain it by applying to Wood & Holbrook, Journal of Health, New York city. 2d. Yes, we believe so. It is our impression, however, that he was separated from his first wife, but not legally divorced, at the time she first went to live with Mr. Lewes. We do not know, however, precisely how the case stands. Mrs. Lewes is generally thought to be a noble and admirable woman—and therefore little is said relative to the matter in question. 3d. Six ebonite balls and six mallets of rock maple with sab handles and stakes can be bought for eight dollars, of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

R. M. O., (Beaverhead, Montana), says: "Please answer the following questions. I quote this passage from a newspaper: 'The law of the United States makes it a felony, with imprisonment for not more than ten years, to have a spiel-mark in your possession.' Is it a law? And when was it enacted? What is a spiel-mark, and for what is it used? How do you pronounce Colfax? Coal or Col? Have heard the Vice-President say it was Coal-fax. All say in the West it is Col-fax." There is no such word as spiel in the English language. The word intended may be spile, and may refer to a United States tax-stamp required to be placed on the spile or bung of liquor casks. Pronounce Coal-fax. Every intelligent man is supposed to be good authority for the pronunciation of his own name.

A. D., (Wayland, Ill.,) says: "You are always so kind in answering questions, I thought I would trouble you with a few. 1st. Why are the police in St. Louis so fat? We investigated the matter, but it was not satisfactorily explained. 2d. Why cannot I join the Patrons of Husbandry as a charter member, after the Grange is organized? The Patrons of our neighborhood insist that I cannot, and also that I cannot join for less than five dollars. I insist that I can. Will you please give your opinion on the subject?" 1st. It may be because they have what is called a fat job. If this does not explain it we must give it up, as one of those strange facts in natural history which must ever remain mysteries. 2d. It is presumable that the members of the Granges know their own by-laws better than outsiders can be expected to. If they assure you that such is the case, you had better take it for granted that it is. The Patrons of Husbandry here would be very glad to get off with five dollars initiation fee.

BLACKJAK, (Quercus Grove, Ind.,) asks: "1st. In writing an article for the paper, must it be accompanied with a note to the editor, signing my proper name? 2d. In sending poetry, is it ever accepted if sent without a note, or the author's name? 3d. If a gentleman calls, in leaving should the lady accompany him to the front door? 4th. Where can I get the maxims of Franklin, and what is the price? 5th. What per cent. is my handwriting?" 1st. It is best to send the name, as there might need to be correspondence, but it is not otherwise necessary if the writer prefers not to send it, except as a guarantee of originality. 2d. We accept both poetry and prose on their merits, without any reference to the name of the author. 3d. It depends upon the custom of the place. In the wealthier circles of cities it is not usually done, except as a mark of especial favor or respect. 4th. We do not know of their being published in a separate form. You had better inquire of some bookseller. 5th. About 75.

J. S. D., (Conover, O.,) asks: "1st. Where or how can I get full information in regard to gathering and curing medicinal plants, herbs, roots, barks, etc.? 2d. Where or how can I get full and complete directions to make extracts, inspissated juices, essential oils? 3d. Could a ready market be found for these articles if properly prepared? 4th. What would be the cost of still and apparatus suitable for making essential oils?" We know of no work expressly devoted to these subjects. Works on Materia Medica often contain brief receipts for the preparation of plants. A work on distillation or on practical receipts might aid you in the other purpose. We have no knowledge as to the probabilities of sale or as to the cost of apparatus.

T. A. B., (Oneida Co.,) writes: "May I trouble you to answer a few questions? 1st. Would an agent require a license to sell goods? That is, one who buys his goods, carrying them with him. 2d. Has an agent a right to introduce goods from different firms at the same time? 3d. How long is the time allowed to study medicine after passing the regent's examination? 4th. Is it necessary for him to go through college? 5th. How is my writing?" 1st. Yes. He would need a peddler's license. 2d. Yes. The license does not restrict him to one firm or one line of goods. 3d. We are not aware of the rules obtaining in medical colleges. You can easily learn by inquiring of any college, or of any physician. 4th. It is not ordinarily necessary, but in your case it might be best, if your spelling is any indication of your general education. 5th. Rather inferior.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 3, 2, 6, 7, 8, is after.
My 3, 7, 8, 6, 8, is part of a play.
My 1, 5, 7, 8, is a fish.
My 1, 2, 8, 4, is food.
My 1, 8, 7, 5, 6, 4, 8, 7, is a vessel for holding liquids.
My 7, 5, 6, is ditto.
My 1, 8, 7, 8, 6, 4, is proper—fit.
My 6, 7, 7, 8, 6, 4, is to modulate the voice.
My 5, 6, 6, 5, is a woman's name.
My 3, 5, 4, 5, 6, is an enemy.
My 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, is a popular amusement.
My 8, 6, 7, 2, 8, 6, 4, belonging to former times.
My 3, 4, 5, 4, 8, condition.
My 3, 6, 4, 2, 7, queer.
My whole is between you and me.

HODGE.

ANAGRAMS.

NAMES OF ISLANDS, COUNTRIES AND RIVERS.

1. Gin abase me.
2. A dug-up aloe.
3. Oh! can ma rest?
4. Wed old Nan! fun.
5. Peru cob man.
6. Horror! Edith fervent.
7. A negro said, I don't rage.

Fort Totten, D. T. NELOM.

WORD SQUARE.

Dishonor, contempt.
A safe place.
To stop.
Middle.
To penetrate.

Passumpsic, Vt. E. E. WOODS.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—"Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by Henry Peterson. BURIED RIVERS—1. Indus; 2. Irrawaddy; 3. Bug; 4. Po; 5. Murray; 6. Ocean. RIDDLE—Yosemite.